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FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

A LECTURE FOR HUSBANDS ON HOME DUTIES, BY A WOMAN.

Courtesies That Mean Something When They Are Reciprocal—The Head of the Household Is Often Too Exclusive in His Conduct—Why Not Be Sociable at Home?

One can seldom pick up a paper of miscellaneous reading without coming across advice to wives to spend the major part of their existence in striving to retain their husbands' love and admiration. Unquestionably this is right, and no good wife with a good husband but will find it her supreme delight, as well as duty, to daily strengthen the sweet cords that bind them together. But there are other sides to the question—shadowy, gloomy sides—and it is toward those wives who are consigned to dwell perennially in the gray, somber lives their lords and masters make for them that I am impelled to say my say.

"Meet him at the door with a smile and a kiss"—that is an old, beautiful and sensible piece of advice that every wife in this country ought to be encouraged and able to carry out from the very depths of her heart; but, alas! that only the husbands who are in the minority deserve.

WHISPERING IN THE HUSBANDS' EARS.

Suppose—and I call upon hundreds, aye, thousands, of wives in our midst to witness if I do not draw a picture they recognize all too readily—the wife has been up and down all night with the croupy baby, while its father lay comfortably asleep. Well, take this wife, who, after the night's anxiety, loss of rest and fatigue, has to get up and prepare breakfast, attend to all her usual duties with a splitting headache, caused by sleeplessness and consequent irritability of the stomach, that utterly loathes the idea of even toast and coffee, while her handsome, well dressed, well fed husband goes off for the day with a "Well, I'm off; take care of yourself!" Think you, she will feel much like meeting him with a bright, cheerful, sunny smile and a kiss when he comes in, perhaps a half hour later than usual, with his greeting: "Haven't you had dinner yet? What did you wait for me for? You know I detest having you wait."

I wish I could get the ear of the general masculine public for just a little while and whisper into it that perhaps it would be quite as well if the husbands took a little more pains to retain their wives' respect and affection. According to the inevitable law of nature a woman cannot be happy unless somebody loves her, enthrones her, crowns her and lets her know in unmistakable language that such is the case. I have heard men say: "Of course I love my wife. What do you take me for—a brute? Well, no; not exactly such a detestable thing, or that delicate, ladylike little wife of yours never would have married you. But there is a resemblance between you and that quadruped in the fact that brutes never speak their feelings. Of what use to me is a gold mine in Australia or a diamond field in Brazil if the riches of them are not quarried? Where is the sense or reason of your loving your wife if you never speak it, or look it, or act it? In fact, you don't love her if you do none of these things; for if there is a truer aphorism than that "murder will out," it is that love cannot be concealed.

I am well aware of the argument in favor of the sterner sex—that they are all day exposed to the friction of business, and, when night comes, they ought to be received into a quiet, peaceful, happy home, where they may don slippers and smoking jacket, and read or doze on the library lounge until bedtime. Very good. But your wife is all day subjected to something far worse than the contact with business, annoyances, and that is the monotonous, endless routine of domestic drudgery, which, home keeper, home lover that she is, wears and tears on the sensitive nerves in a way few men appreciate. When evening comes, the babies are asleep, she wants a little exhilarating change, something rather more effervescent than the pleasure of feeling alone in the same rooms she has occupied all day, watching the handsome features of her recumbent lord, or immersed in the columns of a newspaper.

ON THE COSTLY MONUMENT.

Now, which shall it be? The husband's comfort or the wife's? I can tell you the result. It will be the survival of the fittest, and, as he is the stronger physically, and gets plenty of air and exercise, the chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine out a thousand that before his eldest child is in its teens there will be a costly monument in some silent resting place—"Sacred to the memory of my beloved wife." While, if God's own truth were carved on that pure, white cross in letters of blazing gold, they would read: "A woman's life wasted; a heart disappointed unto death; hopes destroyed—by little things."

Yes, little things! I know a husband, a bright, intellectual man, who is killing his wife by his "philosophy," he calls it, that he never fails to air upon every occasion when his wife is in distress or disappointment or trouble. No matter how keenly she feels any pain, physical or emotional, he invariably freezes her with his formula: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Never a loving word of sympathy, a kiss or a caress—and yet he'd be insulted if you told him he didn't love her—never a word, "It is too bad, dear; but as it is unavoidable, can't I help you bear it?" I know that wife would sacrifice ten years of her life if she could get out of her mind that cold, judicial, unsympathetic tone of voice and look that she will carry with her into eternity.

When that husband is in straits, which he often is, and is depressed physically, for he is not in good health, and unstrung nervously, as is often the case; when his famous cold hearted "What are you going to do about it?" is temporarily silenced—that wife of his, that he never did deserve and is killing by degrees, is all gentle, womanly sympathy, constant attention, tender ministration and hopeful encouragement. And the next time he recovers the full force of his gigantic intellect, and it is her turn to reap a reward, it comes like Banquo's ghost upon her, "I don't see what you are going to do about it."

But perhaps the wife to be most pitied is the whose husband, while mean, smally abusive and tyrannical in little things—who treats her off and on as if she were his head servant without a salary, instead of his equal in head and heart, whose petty discourtesies and inattentions, familiar though they are, always cause the same hopeless pang of despair to chill her heart—this husband who, when company is around, is so sweet, and polite, and elegant, and joking, and complimentary to her. And she, trying to forget the parting words, perhaps, of the morning: "Understand this, the next time you invite company I wish to be formally consulted, as I believe I run this ranch"—cannot to save her immortal soul, look or feel pleased when at table that man tells the guests "how he enjoys the delightful surprises his dear little wife gets up so nicely. Fine cook, isn't she? I tell you she beats my mother, and I thought she was the best cook in the world. Let me give you this choice bit of white meat, darling, shall I?"—Mina Emerce in New York Star.

CEMETERIES OF PANAMA.

Graves Rented and Bodies Buried in Second Hand Coffins.

The cemeteries of Panama, five in all, are at Cocoa grove, and are within one minute's walk from one another. They are all managed by one firm, Sves Obarrioly Cia. One of these gentlemen went with me through all the graveyards and explained everything of interest. The five cemeteries are the foreign, the Chinese, the Jewish, the old Spanish and the new Spanish. People may be buried in any of these according to desire. The managers of the cemeteries are the only ones in the business of manufacturing, selling and letting coffins; so they have a coffin monopoly just as the Boston Ice company has a monopoly of ice, or a New York house has a monopoly in hams.

There the Panama Canal company manufacture whatever coffins they need for their employes, and transact a very brisk business in this particular. In the price of coffins there is a wide margin, the sum being from $7 to $100. If even $7 is higher than can be afforded, an old coffin more or less clean, in good condition of repair, can be hired for one-tenth the selling price of a new one, and a second hand coffin of rather disreputable appearance, bought for interment at $1, the corpse being transferred at the grave. This is done to a large extent. For instance, if a poor man's friends want to give him a first class send off for a little money they can hire a $100 coffin for one-tenth, i. e., $10, and buy an old one for interment at $1, making $11, or hiring a $40 one, the whole cost is only $5, or he may buy a $1 one at once and not hire any other, or he may go still lower by not using any coffin at all, in which case he is sandwiched between two weather beaten boards. It is said that he sleeps as long and perhaps as comfortably this way as in the most superbly trimmed receptacle.

The graves are not sold, but rented for one or two years. If the regular rental is not paid the body is disinterred, the bones thrown in a common heap and the coffin used as a second hand one. This is a very general result of burial. The same system prevails, too, in the Boreles, where holes in masonry are let for $12 for eighteen months. Friends are usually neglectful after a period of mourning, and a common heap of bones kept in a huge yard is enormous. There, Celestials, Caucasians and Africans are mixed up like Buttercup's babies. This jumble of human remains suggests much trouble when Gabriel blows his trumpet. Who will be able to find the full complement of his own skeleton? The agile one may make up his own deficiency from the pick of the rest, but the slow moving individual will be apt to miss it. I fear there will be many misfits to the Celestial grave. Who can tell whether one is entitled to admission if one is composed partly of some one else? The very thought is disagreeable and perplexing.—A Panama Letter.

Window Ventilation.

To obtain ventilation by a window, without a draft to strike a person, a direction to the following effect has been constantly repeated by every hygienist and hygienic publication for a number of years past without a suspicion of its fallacy, apparently, on the part of any one of the public's instructors: "Fit a strip of board into the window casing at the bottom, under the lower sash, so as to raise the sash two or three inches, and the thin spaces between the panes, where the sashes lap over each other, will be open above and below, affording egress and ingress to the air in vertical directions, while the board excludes a horizontal draft that would strike a person near the window."

The objection to this plan is that it is built exactly wrong side up, in defiance of the law of gravitation, and will not work. It contemplates the exit of the warm and rarefied air of the room downward through the colder air between the sashes, and expects the still colder and heavier air outside to climb upward through the lighter inclosed air and tumble over the top of the sash into the room. The amount of air exchanged between outside and inside in this way will be hardly perceptible, unless a strong breeze blows against the window.

The way to get ventilation through this interspace, and a truly excellent way, is to push up the lower sash to the top of the casing, and pull the upper sash down within a few inches of the sill, stopping the gap at the bottom with the board above mentioned. The outer air will then find a downward entrance and the lighter air within will escape upward.—Sanitary Era.

The Skull of a Cobra.

The skull of a cobra lies before me. From the tip of the snout to the back of the skull the length is one and one-quarter inches. The brain case is an ivory casket of great solidity, but the jaw bones are loosely connected, and during life are capable of a good deal of motion. The two side pieces of the lower jaw are in the snake only united in front by elastic tissue. Behind they do not hinge on the brain case itself, but on long suping ones which jut out at the back of the skull, and these are capable of motion outward, so as to widen the space between them. Not only are there teeth on the lower jaw and along the outer edges of the upper jaw in the python's skull, but there are also extra rows of teeth implanted in the bones which lie one on each side of the palate. The teeth are not for crushing or tearing or chewing. They all slope markedly backward and are for holding the prey. Your finger will slip into the mouth of a small python easily enough; but try and draw it out again—that is a different matter. The curved teeth are constructed to prevent that.—Murray's Magazine.

Tommy—Won't you kiss me, Nellie?

Nellie—No, mamma said I mustn't kiss the boys. But you may kiss me.—Burlington Free Press.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

GIVING UP THE GOOD OLD TIME PRACTICE OF LEANING ON IT.

He Scratched Off the Bill of Fare Long Ago, and Now Genuine Bread Is Barred. A Princevillian's Observations in Gotham—Description of Vienna Bread.

It has become unfashionable in New York society to eat bread. Long ago the Four Hundred gave up eating pie, for it is so vulgar to eat pie, don't you know. Now they are in the midst of another great social revolution, and are about to give up eating bread.

I spent a few weeks in New York, and after I had been there a few days there came over me an indefinable desire for something to eat, not for something to eat in general, for, luckily, I had been eating regularly every day, but for something to eat in particular. I felt an inward craving. I was like the opium smoker without his pipe, or the drunkard without his tipple. It finally came to me that what I wanted was bread. I had been brought up to eat bread. In the various restaurants where I had been eating I had been supplied with bread, but it was Vienna bread. Consequently, I had had no bread. New York Vienna bread is not bread, but bread crust. It is baked in loaves in the form of a baseball bat, about six feet long and three inches in diameter.

The outer surface, of course, is crust, and owing to the intense heat to which it is subjected in the oven and to the coating of varnish which is spread over it this crust is of the consistency of fire clay. The interior of the loaf is a hole. A loaf of Vienna bread looks more like a section of drain tile than anything else. Clinging to the inner surface of the crust is a layer of bread about like the nap on a plush lap robe. There isn't enough real genuine bread in a loaf of Vienna bread to furnish a meal for a hen. I will wager a small sum of money that I can eat a wagon load of Vienna bread at one sitting if I can bar the crust.

WILL NOT BE FASHIONABLE.

But it has become unfashionable to eat bread in New York—that is, among the "Four Hundred" and their followers. A confidence man, a friend of mine, induced me to dine with him one evening at a fashionable private "hotel" on Thirty-third street. At dinner each individual was served with a portion of Vienna bread about the size, shape and consistency of a glass inkstand. I asked for more bread, but didn't get it. I began a protest which might have amounted to a kick, when the man who sat beside me and who is a gentleman of fashion and well bred, and who had in his conversation with me shown great familiarity with the dry goods merchants of Chicago, informed me that it was not the proper thing to eat bread—that potatoes had recently taken the place of bread at dinner.

I was inclined to dispute the possibility of bread being displaced by any other article of food, but when I considered that everybody in New York is forced to eat Vienna bread I did not wonder greatly that they are being weaned from it. I am sorry that I must quit eating bread if I would be fashionable. But somehow, although I am rapidly becoming human in many respects, I am too much of a plebeian to eradicate from my system that inborn desire to eat bread. I must eat bread if everybody in the world points the finger of scorn at me.

Ever since I was a little boy down in Princeville, when I would come into the kitchen on a summer afternoon, tired from fighting bumblebees' nests, and my mother would give me a piece of bread about the size of a saddle flap, spread thick with golden butter and thicker still with raspberry jam—ever since then I have had an uncontrollable hankering for bread, which I fear no amount of social polish will ever rub out of me. Even when I get to the social point of wearing a pigeon tailed coat and a shirt collar cut clear to my wish bone, I will no doubt retain that low born passion for bread which rankles in all plebeian blood.

It has long been impossible in New York society to get a piece of pie. Pie, one of the corner stones of the American constitution, has been abolished by good English form.

But, speaking of eating pie, there is still one man of fashion, one swell in New York society who eats pie and who will have pie when he thinks he needs it. His name is Plummer. He is known in some circles as "Uncle Billy" Plummer. He is in business on Worth street. He is a handsome gentleman, faultless in his dress and manner, a well known clubman, a "first nighter" at the theatres, and when the wind's astern he steers his own yacht around the bay. He would rather forego washing his face when he gets out of bed in the morning than to neglect to "dress" for dinner. He is a pink of perfection in everything that appertains to good form, but he will eat pie.

He with several other swell gentlemen dined at Delmonico's one evening. When Mr. Plummer had finished his roast, to the astonishment of everybody at the table he called for pie. The waiter shrugged his shoulders, spread his hands, and elevated his brows in mingled astonishment and dismay, while all the assembled gentlemen, after the manner of the famed fillaloo bird, "evolved themselves within themselves" to withdraw from the contaminating presence of a man who would eat pie.

Again Mr. Plummer demanded pie and inquired of the waiter if there was any pie in the house. The waiter found words to tell him there was no pie.

Then Mr. Plummer said: "Call me a messenger boy." The boy came. Mr. Plummer gave him fifty cents and said: "Go to the nearest second class restaurant and buy me a whole huckleberry pie. I'll see whether I can have pie or whether I can't have pie."

The boy vanished, but returned again, bringing with him a huckleberry pie in a tin dish. And there right out before everybody, in the presence of all the gentlemen, in the glare of the electric lights, Mr. Plummer did set half of that huckleberry pie, and said it was good.

And still the god of England did not smite him dead.

And what gives me a great deal of satisfaction to relate and which goes to prove that there still remains in New York a spark of old American spirit, is that when Mr. Plummer had eaten half of that huckleberry pie one of the other swell gentlemen drew up his chair to the table and said: "I say, Plummer, that pie looks awfully good, don't you know. If you don't mind I'll eat the rest of it myself."—Paul Hull in Chicago Times.

Her Little All.

Mrs. Hichurch—Edith, I was pained to see that you put only twenty-five cents in the contribution box this morning.

Edith—It was every cent I had in the world. Father gave me $30 yesterday, and after paying for my spring bonnet and buying a pound of candy I had just twenty-five cents left. I gave that willingly, gladly to the church, and you don't seem to appreciate my good deeds at all.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A TRICK OF THE TRADE.

Marking Down Sizes of Shoes to Gratify Vanity.

"I want a pair of French kid button boots. Let me see the very best you have."

"This way, please; here they are; made by Ready, Sale & Co.; the very best in the market. What size did you say?"

"I wear threes, slim."

"Ah! here we are; now, then. Fits you like a glove. If I had taken your measure I couldn't have done better."

"They seem to be all right. By the way, are these the same make of shoes that Mrs. Lightfoot wears?"

"Well, to tell the truth, no. She always wears a make that costs a dollar a pair more."

"But you said these were the very best."

"For wear and quality—so they are."

"Then why should Mrs. Lightfoot pay a dollar extra for hers?"

"Why, she won't have any other shoe but Fitem & Co.'s, because she can wear a size smaller of theirs than she can of any others."

"Oh! but you really don't mean to say that I could wear a No. 3 shoe of What's-his-name's make, do you?"

"Certainly you could. You see they have got a designer of patterns who is a perfect genius and who understands the human foot the same as a schoolmaster does his A B Cs. He explained his system to me one day, and I find he is thoroughly posted. His idea is, in the first place, to abbreviate the longitudinal pressure forward, and then, by propelling the lateral dimension sideways, he of course makes the shoe a size shorter than it would have been had he made it the full length."

"Dear me! How simple that seems. And you are sure I could wear a No. 2 of this make?"

"Positive. Here is a pair. Try them on and see for yourself."

"Why, these are just too nice for anything. They fit perfectly. They ain't a bit tight. Are you sure they are only twos?"

"You can see for yourself. Size mark stamped in plain figures on sole and lining. There it is; size No. 2, width A."

"Well, I'll take this pair, and after this you won't catch me wearing any other make."

This sounds like fiction, but it is a literal fact. The conversation took place just as it is written with the exception of the names. Although the measurements of the woman's foot called for a No. 3 she was fitted pefectly with a No. 2. The explanation is simply this: There are manufacturers who, when ordering sets of lasts, instruct the sellers to deliver them unstamped. The stamping is done in the shoe factory, each last being marked a half size or a size smaller than it measures. The uppers are numbered to match the lasts and the deception is complete.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Rabbit Inoculation in Australia.

The feeling among humane people against the proposed destruction of the rabbits in Australia by the adoption of M. Pasteur's system for exterminating them by turning among them rabbits inoculated with the virus of chicken cholera was general and strongly expressed. It will be gratifying to them, then, to learn that the commission in New South Wales appointed to examine into the success of the experiment have issued a preliminary report to the effect that, although the chicken cholera is fatal to the rabbit inoculated, the disease does not readily spread from animal to animal. As the whole point of the experiment was that the disease should so spread, this report would seem to be a virtual condemnation of the scheme.

Sympathizing, as every one must do, with the colonists in the terrible losses they have sustained from hordes of rabbits that literally eat up their land, one can hardly regret that this special mode of getting rid of the pests should have failed. It is necessary to put them down if possible, and no word could be said against this being done by what may be called the illegitimate means of gun and mare; but to spread cholera among so vast a number of animals whose only fault is their exceeding fecundity, is contrary to human ideas. The death may not be a more painful one than that of poisoning, but it is the first time, so far as we know, that man has called in disease as an ally, and few people will be sorry to hear that the scheme is a failure.—London Standard.

The Ostrich Regiment.

Gen. Edward Hatch, some years ago, was made the butt of much fun, and was cartooned in New York papers as riding over the New Mexican plains with his cavalrymen of the Ninth regiment mounted on ostriches. The ridicule all came about through a mistake. Gen. Hatch found that the American horse broke down after little travel over the rough mountains, and in a private letter to an officer in Washington said that he was making some experiments with the intention of replacing the clumsy horses by the agile and hardy Mexican burro, a little jackass of immense strength. The officer spoke of Gen. Hatch's plan, and the newspaper men published it, but the man who wrote off it first, after seeing the letter, mistook the word "burro" for "bird," and having a vague idea that ostriches were raised on the frontier, jumped at the conclusion that the ostrich must be the bird meant. There was a roar of laughter in every post on the frontier when the papers began to describe Gen. Hatch's ostrich regiment, but the joke was not understood for a long time.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Inconsiderate Children.

Mistress—Well, Bridget, what is it?

Bridget (fresh from the old country)—Sure it's the childer, mum. Don't I clane the scraper by the dure, as yez tould me? An' whin the childer kim home from school sure they plastered it all over wid mud intirely. Will ye belave, mum, they rubbed their dirt shoes on it! Divil a bit will I be after clanin it again! Sure it breaks the hairt of me to be thrated so.—Harper's Bazar.

THE SULTAN AT JOHORE.

A VISIT TO AN INDEPENDENT AND NOTED MALAY RULER.

The Road Across Singapore, Where Tigers Kill Three Hundred People Every Year. The Sultan's Beautiful Palace and His Liking for Europeans.

England has already a strong hold upon the Malay peninsula, but among the tribes of Malacca, which are not subject to her, is that of Johore. Johore is bigger than Massachusetts, and it is governed by a sultan, who has absolute power and is one of the few independent Malay rajahs still living. I made an excursion to Johore; visited the capital, and there met this most noted Malay ruler. Leaving Singapore at sunrise, our carriage was driven by a Malay coachman, and we had a gray whiskered, barefooted East Indian in a red gown and turban as a guide. We drove for miles on a road as level as the floor and as well kept as a race track, through plantations of cocoanuts and coffee.

COCOANUTS AND COFFEE.

We first passed great estates with beautiful grounds and wide drives, and then on out into the jungle. The green cocoanuts hung by the bushels in great bunches from the top of tall palm trees, each of which was from 50 to 100 feet high, and with a trunk of from 6 to 12 inches in diameter. The bark was grayish white, and there were no leaves until the very top, upon which the cocoanuts grew. Some of these groves had thousands of trees, and they all looked as though they were drunken on their own milk. They leaned in every direction, and the tops of some seemed to embrace those of others in maudlin jollity. The coffee estates consisted of green bushes about eight feet high with many branches, and the coffee grows close to the branch, and the yellow fruit is the size of small damson plums; each plum contains two seeds, surrounded by pulp, and those seeds are the coffee grains. They are cultivated, and the estates showed that they had been but lately plowed.

This road across the island of Singapore was lined with jungle, which was at times so thick that you could not see more than two feet beyond the roadway. When it is remembered that 300 people are killed every year here by tigers, and that the lower part of the Malay peninsula is the home of the wild beast, it will be seen that the possibilities were both numerous and unpleasant. We passed through a number of Malay Chinese villages, and we saw many black skinned natives of Java with nothing but breech clouts upon them, working upon the roadway. Now and then we would meet a cart drawn by heavy Indian bullocks, with great humps of fat six inches high above their shoulders, and with their black skinned driver in a turban, sitting or standing upon the heavy cart tongue.

These bullocks push the cart along with the front of their shoulders. Their yokes do not come around the neck, as do those of our oxen, and they get over the ground three times as fast. They are the beasts of burden in this part of the world. They do all the carting and hauling and they are among the most picturesque sights of this picturesque country. Their drivers are straight, lean, wiry men, who scowl at you as you pass, and who, with all their black skins, have features as regular as the best you will find in your city. I snapped my camera upon one of them as he passed, and the black skinned driver swore at me in Hindostanee as I did so.

IN AN AMERICAN ROCKING CHAIR.

Half way across the island, our driver stopped and changed the horses of our carriage for a relay which had been sent on ahead. Then the Malay jehu whipped up and we rode on through more villages and more jungle until we came to the straits of Singapore, on the opposite side of which was the main land and Johore. A Chinese boat carried us across these and we were landed at the wharf of the sultan's palace. A beautiful lawn of many acres slopes by half a dozen terraces to the water's edge. Above this lies the palace, which is reached by winding drives, and away to the right shine the blue and yellow buildings of the city of Johore, which the sultan has built within the last few years for his capital, and which he laid out in the original jungle. The palace is a large gray and white two story building, with wide porticoes and many large windows looking out upon the water. It is, perhaps, 200 feet long and at least half that depth.

Soldiers, in a costume half European, keep guard in front of it, and others in turbans march up and down through its various corridors. Some of these soldiers are olive brown Malays, others are as black as ebony, and the officer who received my letters and took them in to the sultan was dressed in European clothes, with a Malay sarong or skirt shining out under his coat. After waiting a moment the sultan himself appeared. A tall, fine looking, broad shouldered, light yellow man with gray hair, black eyes and gray mustache. He wore a suit of white duck with a lavender skirt reaching to his knees, and with bracelets of solid gold rope as thick as your finger around each of his wrists. There were diamond rings on his fingers, and he had a seal brown plush turban cap on his head. He spoke English perfectly, shook hands with me cordially and gave me a seat in an American rocking chair in his audience chamber, while he took another for himself at my side. He talked of the decadence of the Malay people, and said that the Chinese made much better workers. He needed them for the development of his kingdom, and he was glad to have their immigration.

He talked of his travels and told me he needed only to visit America to complete his tour of the world. He had visited in England, and had been so well entertained that he was always glad to give Europeans a welcome when they came to his kingdom.

He had visited China and Japan, and while in England he had gone one day to Liverpool to see a lady friend off for America. "I went down to the ship," said he, "and I put my friend on board. It was only seven days to New York, and had I remained I might have visited your country. I am very sorry I did not do so, for I think America is great and your people are a great and kind people. They give us the telegraph, the electric light, and they are at the front in invention. I like them and I have many friends in America.—Frank G. Carpenter.

A Genius' Wife.

Millet was not indifferent to or incapable of working from nature or of applying it to his pictures in progress. His son has frequently told me of his desire to make more studies from the living model and his regret at not being able to do so. It seemed to be difficult for Millet to approach people that he wanted to have pose for him, and this office of asking a peasant man or woman to sit for him always fell upon his wife. But these sittings were never long nor tiresome; he wanted only the few facts of form or color which that particular model could give him. For a detail or a special quality he would at times take the greatest pains.

Madame Millet has told me of having worn the roughest of peasant dresses about the house and garden for weeks, that when it pleased him her husband might call upon her to pose for some part of a picture upon which he would be at work, and of Millet compelling her to wear the same shirt for an uncomfortably long time; not to paint the dirt, as the early critics of Millet would have us believe, but that the rough linen should simplify its folds and take the form of the body, that he might give a fresher and stronger accent to those qualities he so loved—the garment becoming, as it were, a part of the body, and expressing, as he has said, even more than the nude, the larger and more simple forms of nature.—Wyatt Eaton in Century.

The Republic of San Marino.

The republic of San Marino is a curiosity in itself. It was formed in the Sixth century, and at first was a mere hermitage established by a Dalmatian monk, who gave his name to it. It is situated on a mountain near Rimini, and no one should pass Rimini without going to see it. It has always been respected by every government that has governed that part of Italy. It has laws of its own, having a state council, formed of sixty members, twenty of which are noblemen, twenty tradesmen and twenty agriculturists. They are appointed for life.

The executive is represented by two captain regents, who are changed every six months. The administration of justice is confided to a magistrate, appointed every three years. The army consists of 950 men and officers, and it possesses four cannon, which were presented to the republic by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1797. There is no printing office in San Marino, consequently no newspaper. The government will not allow any, for fear of offending other states and thus placing it in danger. Foreigners are allowed to visit the republic, but not to remain in it longer than a week.—London Globe.

A Compulsory Savings Bank.

A resident of this city, with a fine knowledge of the weakness of human nature, has devised and put on the market a registering savings bank which holds its deposits until they reach a stipulated amount. The bank is shaped like a Saratoga trunk. Three styles are made, one for cents, another for half dimes, and a third for dimes. Each, after the first coin is deposited, is locked until the hundredth coin is pushed through the slot, and as each coin enters it registers upon a dial. A man who buys a dime bank must put 100 dimes into it if he wants to open it, and a nickel bank can be opened only when it contains $5. The banks are strongly made of nickel plated cast iron, and the locking device is unpickable, because after it is locked the keyhole is taken indoors. Nothing but the right amount of coins will open it, and when the hundredth coin enters the door opens automatically.—New York Sun.

On the Home Stretch.

"Have you done anything for me?" asked the condemned man in pitiful tones as his lawyer entered the cell.

"Yes, indeed," said the legal gentleman gleefully.

"Oh, what is it?" demanded the murderer; "a pardon?"

"No."

"A commutation of sentence?"

"No."

"Then, in mercy's name, what?"

"I have succeeded," said the lawyer, "in having the day of your execution changed from Friday to Monday. Friday is an unlucky day, you know."—Yankee Blade.

Said One Thing and Meant Another.

A Sunday or two ago the lesson leaflets used in Sunday schools contained an exhaustive treatise on Balaam and the ass. After the article had left the hands of the editor he was evidently seized with an idea, which he communicated in large type and a footnote as follows: "If the Lord has need of an ass don't you think he has need of you?" A medical journal is running a close race with this leaflet for first place in unique utterances, for it advertises "Hyde on the Skin" as the rather startling suggestive title of a standard medical work.—Philadelphia Press.

Steam Torpedo Boat.

A new sort of ram has appeared. It is a boat furnished in the forward part with a heavy cylinder like that of a steam engine, about fifteen feet long, with a piston rod twelve inches in diameter. This piston rod, which will extend through the bow of the boat, will be a ram. It will be driven by a force of steam equal to 650 tons, sufficient to pierce the side of the heaviest ironclad with one blow. It is, in fact, a steam torpedo boat.—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Went Home Early.

Scatterbrains—I didn't have a good time at Bullion's last night.

Quickwit—So I inferred. You went at 11. Was there any trouble?

Scatterbrains—O no, no trouble. But I told Bullion that his father laid the foundation of his fortune by robbing his grandmother, and he kicked me down the stairway. Then I left.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Made Him Feel Comfortable.

"Do you know what is the difference between you and myself?"

This conundrum was hurled at a Pittsburg broker by his better half, who had been sitting up for him, when he arrived at home about 1 o'clock in the morning.

"Can't say, my dear," he replied. "What is it?"

"You speculate all day, and I 'spec' you late at night."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Jamestown, Pa., baby was photographed thirty-five minutes after it was born. The happy father took the picture.

ROYAL

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

"This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitudes of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

PUTNAM'S Furniture LUSTRINE CLEANS Furniture

REMOVES SCRATCHES, STAINS, &c. from House, Office, Hotel, Church and School Furniture. 25c., 50c., AND $1.00 BOTTLES. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND FURNITURE DEALERS.

BOWANEE

Cures Absolutely

Dyspepsia,

NEURALGIA IN STOMACH,

Indigestion,

SICK HEADACHE,

Constipation,

NERVOUS DEBILITY,

And Creates a Good Healthy Appetite, Tones and Strengthens the entire System, which can only be accomplished by healthy Digestion. PRICE $1.00; SIX BOTTLES $5.00.

BOWANEE MEDICINE Co., Dayton, O.

A Story for Bon Vivants.

One man invited another to a dinner at the Manhattan club, of which both were members. It was agreed that the one who arrived first should order the meal. Some time after the appointed hour the host of the occasion found his guest at a table in a remote corner of the cafe. "Have you ordered?" asked the host. "Yes." "Well, so have I," was the answer. Both laughed, and then the host with a flash of the eye inquired what soup his guest had ordered. The soup was named and the host answered: "Then we've ordered the same dinner; any man with proper notions of sequence in dining would follow that soup with just what I've ordered." The scientific diners compared menus and found that the orders agreed in every particular. Both dinners and all the wines ordered were served.—New York Letter.

A Contract He Could Fill.

"Hoo's a' wi' ye, minister?" asked Donald McAlpine of his minister, an old fashioned Established church clergyman.

"Oh, brawly, Donald, brawly; but the glebe's no' doing well at all this year. The turnips are fair rotted away, I'll need to do something to bring in a bit o' money. Maybe got some city lad to tutor or something."

"Could ye no' do something in the contract way, doo ye think?"

"Contract way? What doo you mean, Donald?"

"I see the Highland railway's advertising the noo for sheepers, an' I wis' thinkin' ye had mair in the kirk than ye kent what to doo wi', an'"——

Here the minister started in to give him such a Highland raffling that Donald has not been to church since.—Scottish American.

Ostriches as Waltzers.

"Ostriches, like cattle, are liable to stampede," said a Cape Town man now at the Palace hotel, "but the funniest thing they do is to waltz."

"How, pray, is that done?"

"The leader of the herd, generally an old male ostrich, evidently thinks that his followers should have some diversion on the long march from one pasture to another, so he begins by slowly but gracefully turning round and round. In five minutes the whole flock is doing the same, and it is quite a sight—their long plumes waving in the wind until they conclude to quit and go their way. Music, of course, has nothing to do with their dancing."—San Francisco Call.

The Largest Coral Reef.

The largest coral reef in the world is the Australian Barrier reef, on the northeast coast of that continent, which extends about 1,100 miles. Its average distance from the land is twenty to thirty miles, but in some points it is fifty to ninety miles distant. The great arm of the sea thus included is ten to twenty-five fathoms deep, with a sandy bottom; but toward the southern end, where the reef is furthest from the shore, the depth gradually increases to forty, and in some parts to more than sixty fathoms. A reef on the west coast of New Caledonia is 400 miles long, and for a distance of many leagues seldom approaches within eight miles of the land.—New York Telegram.

Not a Doubt of It.

Mr. Greathead—I have devised a great scheme, Mr. Holdon, a railroad to convey corpses to all the principal cemeteries.

Mr. Holdon—If you can assure them of a return ticket your fortune is made.—Philadelphia Call.

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MONDAY, - - - MAY 12

It has been suggested that street improvement be as slight as possible this summer, because the streets are to be all torn up in laying the waterpipes. The suggestion is worthy of consideration.

The Council is overwhelmed with petitions for street improvement. How remarkably quick these prayers would cease if street improvement was assessed directly upon adjacent property holders, as it should be.

It is probably a little early to make political calculations for 1892, but it may be observed that the southern democrats are clamoring almost unanimously for ex-president Cleveland. It may be remarked, too, in this connection that the South is a potent element in making the nominee.

Col. Cooper is to deliver the Decoration Day address at Galion. There will probably be numerous Marionites observing the day at Galion, rather than at home on the 30th. The Colonel is an attractive spenker and then—well a good many Marion boys want to see him, anyhow.

M. Romero, Mexican minister to the United States, has written a lengthy and able article in the North American Review, setting forth the reasons against the U. S. annexation of Mexico, either by conquest or purchase. The gentleman makes his strongest point when he says the U. S. has business enough on hand to properly govern its already vast country with its vastly different and antagonistic interests, without adding twelve millions of people of a different race, different manners, customs, and of insuperable assimilation. A better acquaintance and more cordial commercial relation are all that are needed.

The Court of Claims, in Washington, has recently made a very strange decision in the suit of the State of Georgia against the United States. The claim was for $5,000 for money advanced by that State to the government during the war of the Revolution. The claim was admitted to be correct long ago, but was not paid because Georgia paid none of the direct tax levied by the government in 1861, and the latter amount so far exceeded the claim that no payment was ever made. The court held the offset to be illegal because Georgia never assumed the direct tax, and a northerner naturally wonders at the action, because a state's failure to recognize a tax can hardly nullify the constitution.

Vermont has a new school law in operation which provides for supervisors of education in all the counties, an office very similar to county superintendent in some States. The change is expected to bring about uniformity in the schools, improve their sanitary condition, regulate the text books and make them alike throughout each county, and generally improve the dragging country schools. The Ohio country schools need something of this sort, and the direction of them should not be exclusively in the hands of ignorant boards who want no deviation from the "book larnin of readin', 'ritin and 'rithmetick." We remember, in enlightened Marion county, when the parents said a teacher was crazy because he devoted a spare moment to telling his pupils that the sun was a good many thousand times larger than the earth!

The work of cleaning up Marion and putting the village in good sanitary order should be pushed vigorously. The warm weather is here and the bad odors have not abated. And there are bad smelling porkers within the fire limits, whereas they are not allowed within the corporation.

If west Center st is to be improved why not put on something besides crushed stone? The rough stone makes bad driving for a long time and then the necessary repair work prolongs the period of rough surface, as the east Center experience has proven. And isn't Marion wearing big enough clothes to begin to think of something in advance of crushed stone streets, especially for her main and most attractive thoroughfares"

With three model business blocks under headway and others contemplated, with an $80,000 manufactory sure to begin in a few weeks, and with hundreds of new dwellings in process of erection in the various parts of the city, Marion needn't feel nervous about her healthy boom. And the shadowy Black Diamond may yet come. We notice that the genial and cheerful Col. Hawkins and other B. O. officials are shortly to pass over the line of the road and distribute good cheer to the despondent ones.

The man who wishes to acquire national fame should come to the front and tell a suffering public what has become of Dr. Cronin, where Tascott is, and lastly who struck Billy Patterson. And some wiseacre can win the admiration of Marion by solving the mysteries—What has become of the M. E. church sale? When will an opera house be erected? And who will be Postmaster Trustman's successor?

Later.—Dr. Cronin has been found in Canada, but why he skipped is still uncertain.

The proposed opening of Oak street and the necessary expenditure of over a thousand dollars for land on the extended lines, leads us to remark that it is time to cease opening up streets at so heavy an expense to the general public. There has been too much of this already. Let the property owners whose lands are thus increased in value stand this burden. The general public isn't suffering. The men who want to sell lots ought to expect to pay something to make them marketable. The corporation has its hands full—grading and stoning after the streets are dedicated

We notice our esteemed cotemporaries are quarreling over the matter of circulation of their respective papers. The Star has not entered this contest because so far as reports go the biggest liar comes out best. We happen to know, however, that the Marion has not the 1600 it claims, not over three fourths of it, including exchanges and advertisers, and the Independent has not 1400, but about three fourths that figure. This unconscionable inflation of their circulation will fool no one hereabouts, but in the newspaper directory where all circulation lists are on an equal, it probably has some effect. In this connection we feel it appropriate to say that the Daily and Weekly Star has a combined circulation aggregating but little below 2000 copies and the morning advertiser will be furnished proof of this fact by calling at this office. And Geo. P. Rowell & Co., whose reports brought about this controversy, are now running seven contracts in the Star, a number that is nearly double both the other papers' contracts combined.

The waterworks situation is probably not so discouraging as many are willing to regard it. Of course the outlook is not as promising as it should be, but, if the work was as far along as we were given reason to expect it would be, the main line of pipes would be under ground and many of the laterals laid by this time. Our pessimistic conclusions come from a lack of faith in waterworks builders and there is a constant tear of disappointment because Howland & Ellis have not exactly filled all promises. At present they are doing all they can. Nothing can be done with the reservoir or main pipe line until the condemnation suit is decided, the latter part of this month. The fault here is in delaying the commencement of the suit. The stand pipe lot has been purchased and paid for and the main pipes contracted. If work shall actively begin within thirty days, or even longer, the Marion plant can be completed within the time specified, if the work is actively pushed.

The fact that so much fine weather for prosecuting the work is passing without any being thrown is truly discouraging, especially after Marion's experience, and the discouragement is aggravated by the intimation that the Scioto Water Co. has difficulty in placing its bonds owing to the Bullock muddle which is liable to linger in litigation for many months to come. It seems though, that all that can be done is being done, and the hope of the waterworks being completed this year need not necessarily be abandoned yet for some time

A Duty to Yourself.

It is surprising that people will use a common ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for the same money. Dr. Acker's English pills are a positive cure for sick-headache and all liver troubles. They are small, sweet, easily taken and do not gripe. Sold by H. C. Heberman & Co.

THE BEGGING BUSINESS.

A POLICEMAN COMMENTS UPON THAT AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

San Francisco Mendicants Who Sell the Food They Receive—It Is Used for Free Lunch—The Officer's Grief Because He Can't Be President.

What a policeman doesn't know is oftentimes past finding out. He is a traveling junk shop of scrap information; a peripatetic encyclopedia of miscellaneous bits of knowledge. As a rule he isn't much up on theology or science, "'cause he never had no show" in that line, but on the hows and whens and whys and wherefores of the life that rolls on about him he has a "pretty tight grip." If you know how to go to him, you can learn a great deal more than the way to the pavilion or what time the last car leaves the ferry. Of course, there are a few policemen and a regiment of other policemen.

"This is a pretty hard kind o' life," said one who belongs to the first class, last night. "It's killing. After a man has been an officer for a while he's good for nothing else. Hobbling about from one corner to another, and keeping within sound of the sergeant's whistle, is bad for ambition. You never heard of a policeman getting any high office. Tailors, plowboys, rail splitters, canal boys and printers' devils have climbed to the president's chair, but nary a policeman. I once heard of an officer who became president of a literary society in Kansas, but the meetings were held in his house; his daughter was the secretary, his son was the treasurer, his other son was the sergeant-at-arms an' his wife an' baby made the audience. He was the first officer I ever heard of who got a high position, and perhaps he didn't count. Some officers graduated to the dash board of street cars, but they never appear to go any higher. Although we are constantly telling people to 'move on,' we always stand still ourselves. We pick up a good deal of information on different subjects, but the only people that seem to want it are the reporters. You see that girl there with the bundle?"

The reporter took off his glasses and saw her at once. She was a very dirty slovenly dressed child, and had a bag in her arms.

"She's a beggar, and is loaded up with bread, cake, meat, slices of pie and about everything that's eatable."

"Why, she has enough to last a family for a month," said the reporter. "I suppose she can lay off, now, like the rest."

"Oh, no she can't or won't," returned the officer. "She'll be out again to-morrow morning and will work another part of town. Do you know what the beggars do with the bread and other stuff the charitable people give them? No? Well, they sell it to the saloons on the Barbary coast and in other tough quarters. The meat an' loaves that are put into the dirty hands of mendicant poverty to-day furnish the free lunch counters of the saloons to-morrow. That girl will make from $2 to $3 a day begging. She sells what eatables she gets and cleans up quite a penny from the sales. Then some people give the beggar money, and in a week the earnings amount to a good deal."

THE WAYS OF PROFESSIONALS.

"Do all the beggars sell what is given them?"

"What would they do with it? At some houses they get enough to keep a family for a week. They all have a dozen or more pockets in their clothes, and before they make their appearance at a second house they have stowed away what they got at the first."

"Do they eat of the contributions?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. People throw out their back door better food than many an honest man has ever a chance of seeing. The boys keep the choicest and sell the rest."

"What do they do with the clothing they get?"

"The boys and girls don't go for clothing. The fathers and mothers work the wardrobe racket. The old man is willing to do any kind o' work for a coat or a pair of pants, and the woman has three ragged boys at home who can't go to school because they have no clothes. The beggar is as suspicious in working his trade as the cleverest business man in the city. He picks out the houses with the well trimmed gardens and the clean sidewalks and steps. The woman attends the places where well dressed boys play about the door. All the clothing they get is sold, some for rags, some to the second hand dealers, and the proceeds go for drink. I have been traveling a beat for seven years, and I never knew or heard of an honest man making a door to door canvass for assistance. No matter how near he was to starvation the decent man won't do that."

"Do beggars get any food from restaurants?"

"Very little. A lot of meat is in a bad way which it can't be used by a restaurant. And then the refuse in all the eating houses is sold to the drivers of pig cows. Many go around every day with wagons collecting the refuse, and the waterfront is knocked off the milk bill.

Here the sergeant's whistle sounded, and when the officer responded he had not breath enough to continue his remarks.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Too Rich for Diamonds.

He was very fond of diamonds. Everybody who knew him knew his weakness for those jewels, although everybody knew that he was poor. They used to laugh at him kindly, because when he hadn't a quarter to buy a cheap meal he'd show a Kohinoor in his shirt front. One day he made a lucky strike and found himself rich. He went off to Europe, and in the meantime he kept gaining inches. He came back most quietly dressed, without a sign of jewelry of any kind. An old friend met him and looked at him.

"There's something wrong about you, Pat. You lack something. Where are the diamonds?"

"Oh," said Dan, "I'm too rich to wear diamonds."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A PRESENTIMENT.

An Irish Soldier Who Knew He Was Going to Die—A War Reminiscence.

In the autumn of '62 Gen. McClellan was relieved from active duty in the Army of the Potomac and Gen. Burnside assumed command. This change was very unpopular with the boys, who loved Little Mac and who felt a great degree of uncertainty in the ability of the new commander. There was wide spread discontent in the ranks in consequence of this change. Added to this, the invincible strategists at home were still clamoring for a forward movement, regardless of time or favorable opportunity.

In view of these facts, it was deemed absolutely necessary that a battle should be fought under the new leader at the earliest possible moment. The first battle of Fredericksburg was the result. On the day of that battle our brigade climbed the heighs on the southeasterly bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, and halted upon the summit near some heavy batteries. As we looked down upon the river with its slender pontoon bridge, with the city upon its opposite margin, and as we raised our eyes to corresponding heights just back of the city, frowning with cannon and breastworks and swarming with Confederate soldiery, a painful and overpowering sense of the impossible task before us and the deadliness of the undertaking in all its horrible magnitude, forced itself upon the minds of all present.

A sense of duty, the imminence of the great dangers before us, and the nearness of the conflict, served to close up the ranks and to keep nearly every man in his place.

I had been detailed with a small squad to act as provost general to prevent falling out and straggling to the rear. During the short halt on the brow of the heights, before the march across the river, several of the boys came to the rear of the column to leave with the chaplain valuables and messages to their friends in case anything should happen.

Among the number came Mike, a large, powerful and courageous Irishman, a great favorite in the regiment, and a man who had always laughed at danger and had rejoiced at the opportunity of having a "scrimmage" with the enemy.

On this occasion he appeared to be an entirely different man. He approached the chaplain with tears in his eyes. He gave him a picture of a sister living in Portland, his Catholic catechism and other relics, and in a choked voice gave the address of his friends and what he then declared to be his dying message to them.

The chaplain endeavored to cheer and encourage him, but in vain.

"Chaplain," said he, "I'm not afraid to fight; I'm not afraid to die; I am not a coward; but there is something here (slapping his breast) which tells me my time has come. Chaplain, will you please write my sister a kind letter? She is a Christian Catholic and I love her dearly."

Soon the word "forward" rang along the line, and Mike, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, grasped the hand of the chaplain and requested the good man to pray for him. He then took his place in the ranks. The long column began to move slowly down to the river, soon increasing its speed to the double quick, over the pontoon bridges across the river into the streets of the city, out on the plains and hillside beyond it amid smoke, shot and shell and death wounds, up to the very frowning jaws of death on the heights beyond. The terrible charge, the murderous repulse, repeated again and again that afternoon; the night cannonade, the long day following of skirmish and movement, the succeeding night and the early morning abandonment and retreat across the river have been many times told. As soon as possible after the battle the chaplain made earnest inquiries for Mike; but no Mike was there to answer him.

In the terrible charge he was seen to fall in the forefront of battle, and was borne from the field fatally wounded. His boisterous, cheerful voice, good natured countenance, rich brogue and burly form, were never again with us. His was the most marked and startling case of presentiment of coming death or disaster that came under my observation in the army.

Army life and its dangers made many of us believe in fate—that the decree of the Great Author had fixed the span of life for each one. We are sometimes constrained to believe that a very thin curtain was stretched between the seen and the unseen, and that a few mortals were permitted to look beyond the visible and to receive the absolute assurance of the future fate in store for them and near at hand.—L. D. Carver in Lewiston Journal.

The Russian Journalist Katkof.

Twenty years ago there still existed in Moscow the salon of the Prince and Princess Odoiefsky, one of the literary centers of Russia. Other houses there were where literary men assembled in groups and coteries. At Katkof's, for instance, on Sunday evenings, one was sure to find the shrewd and caustic Leontief, Professor Liubimof and his fellow workers on The Moscow Gazette and The Russian Messenger, some of the professors in the recently established Lyceum, and occasionally a passing stranger, from either north or south, who sympathized with the Moscow as distinguished from the St. Petersburg school of literature and politics. Katkof, decided as he was in his political views, was a charming talker on literary subjects, about which he allowed more difference of opinion. He was such a hard worker, especially at night, that Sunday afternoons and evenings were the only times when he was visible, as his Gazette was not issued on Monday.—Eugene Schuyler in Scribner's.

Ghost Horses.

A phantom team is said to haunt the house which marks the scene of the terrible Fletcher Brook tragedy in Washington county. People in the vicinity say that they hear it drive up about once in two weeks. The men in the lumber camps near by also declare that the ghost disturbs their dreams.—Lewiston Journal.

BEN BOSEN, THE SAILOR.

Ben Bosen was a sailor man,
But not a man nasailer,
Therefore he would not whale a man,
But only man a whaler

He'd sail the seas and seize the sails,
And when he'd heave the lead,
He would be led to heave and pale
Throw up the sponge, most dead.

He'd eye his pipe and pipe his eye
When smoking was forbidden;
When wet he'd say that he was dry
And search for liquors hidden.

Sometimes he'd see a ship, sometimes
He'd only ship a sea.
The climes he saw were mostly climbs
Upon the ropes to see.

Ben's hard tack was to tack the ship,
Yet never man was sooner
Than he, when in the slip, to slip
And quick attack a "schooner."

He was aboard when on the sea,
When on the land a boarder.
Though not a boarding pirate, he
Was then a pie-rate boarder.

Though Ben could not direct at sea,
At sea he could die wrecked;
His resurrection day would be
The day they'd raise her wrecked.

One day a shark went swimming by,
And Ben, alast he filled him.
No shark, they said, could make him die,
Unless the shock first killed him.

A Child Killer.

Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of Soothing syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising, when they can relieve the child of its peculiar troubles by using Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no Opium or Morphine. Sold by H. C. Heberman & Co.

Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, 25c per Box, 5 Boxes for $1. Sold in Marion, O., by W. B. Foye, Druggist.

Righteous Indignation.

The Butler—Mrs. Tinymore asked me to say that breakfast is ready, sir.

Uncle Fiddleb. Tell 'er I ain't comin' down! When a woman that I've allus been found gives her old man a shake down like this, he gits mad. Ain't slep' a wink all night.—Judge.

Happiness and Contentment

Cannot go hand in hand if we look on the dark side of every little obstacle. Nothing will so darken life and make it a burden as Dyspepsia. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure the worst form of Dyspepsia, Constipation and Indigestion, and make life a happiness and pleasure. Sold at 25 and 50 cents by H. C. Hobbleman & Co.

—Dr. B. Misner, the eminent optician of Detroit, Mich., who is now a resident of Marion, will visit every town in the county. Any one suffering with weak eyes, or eyes abused by ill-cut glasses, should not fail to see him. Orders left at the postoffice will be promptly attended to. No extra charge for examination or visiting patrons at their home. On Saturdays and Sundays he can be found in his office at residence, No. 2½, Silver street.

Encouraging Convalescence.

Young Mr. Shandygaff (handing his card to flunky at the door)—May I ahsk how Mr. Earl Marquand de Wylls Wylls is this mawning?

Flunky (importantly)—Yes, sir. Young Mr. Wylls Wylls' condition his slightly better. The tone hof 'is system 'as himproved, han' we hall think, sir, that 'e his progressin' bloomuhly. 'E 'as recovered strength henough, sir, to light hay cigarette, han' seemed to relish hay couple of snipes 'ands for the fust time in hay week, sir.—Harper's Bazar.

The Reason Why.

It was recently announced that a man had read a patent medicine almanac without fancying that he was afflicted with all the diseases described therein. It was regarded as a very remarkable case until it was learned that the almanac contained an article entitled "The Disease of Wealth." The man didn't have that disease, but he was willing to go somewhere and catch it.—New York Ledger.

Guard Against the Strike.

And always have a bottle of Acker's English Remedy in the house. You cannot tell how soon Croup may strike your little one, or a cold or cough may fasten itself upon you. One dose is a preventive and a few doses a positive cure. All Throat and Lung troubles yield to its treatment. And the Remedy guaranteed by H. C. Heberman & Co.

Louse's Red Clover Pile Remedy.

is a positive specific for all forms of the disease. Blind, Bleeding, Itching Ulcerated, and Protruding Piles—Price 50c.

Sold in Marion, O., by W. B. Foye, Druggist.

Good Idea.

Youth—Can you give me anything to do, sir?

Merchant—What is your line?

Y.—Clerk, sir.

M.—Clerk! Why, clerks are a drug in the labor market just now.

Y.—They are? Well, if that's the case I had better look for a job as a drug clerk.—Boston Courier.

The Nation's Great Men.

"Pa, where was Captain Anson born?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Where was John L. Sullivan born?"

"I don't know that, either."

"Pa, I wish you would buy me a history of the United States."—Chicago Herald.

A Healthy Growth.

Acker's Blood Elixir has gained a firm hold on the American people and is acknowledged to be superior to all other preparation. It is a positive cure for all Blood and Skin Diseases. The medical fraternity indorse and prescribe it. Guaranteed and sold by H. C. Heberman & Co.

THE "MODEL"

One Price Gents' Furnishing Store,

Cor. East and Center, opp. Hotel Marion.

We have arranged for a most extraordinary exhibit of Gents' Furnishing Goods, also

Hats, Caps, Trunks and Valises, Cigars and Tobacco!

Seasonable Goods, rich and fresh, at remarkable low figures. Our line of shirts are the best in the market, from 45c up. Our line of Hats can't be beat in prices and quality. We sell Straw Hats as low as 5c each. Come and convince yourself; it will pay you to give us a trial. We guarantee all goods, if not satisfactory we will refund the money.

H. LUSTIG, Propr.
S. GEIGER, Manager.

ALL KINDS OF

LUMBER CHEAP,

—AT—

PRENDERGASTS'.

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CITY TIME TABLE

Following is the time of arrival of and departure of trains at and from the several depots in this city, according to the latest changes

PRR.

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 7	10:50 a. m.	No. 12	5:20 a. m.
No. 47	8:20 a. m.	No. 6	12:05 p. m.
No. 5	2:30 p. m.	No. 48	2:55 p. m.
No. 3	11:05 p. m.	No. 8	10:15 p. m.

B. & O. R.R.

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 1	1:05 a. m.	No. 8	3:15 a. m.
No. 3	10:25 a. m.	No. 10	8:45 a. m.
No. 5	3:25 p. m.	No. 2	2:45 p. m.
No. 9	11:25 p. m.	No. 6	6:40 p. m.
Local	9:00 a. m.	Local	2:15 p. m.

C., H. V. AND T.

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
No. 1	5:41 p. m.	No. 2	9:50 a. m.
No. 3	8:07 a. m.	No. 4	8:10 p. m.

C. AND A.

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 1	8:00 a. m.	No. 12	5:20 a. m.
No. 5	2:55 p. m.	No. 10	7:15 p. m.
No. 47	8:40 p. m.	No. 30	7:40 p. m.
No. 3	10:15 p. m.	No. 8	10:45 p. m.
No. 53	6:00 a. m.	No. 18	12:01 p. m.

Schedule of Mail Trains.

C. A. A., West	8:00 a. m.
C. H. V. & T., South	8:45 a. m.
C. H. V. & T., South	9:55 a. m.
C. C. C. & I., West	10:25 a. m.
Erie, East	12:40 p. m.
C. C. C. & I., East	2:15 p. m.
Erie—West	2:55 p. m.

Day mails close one-half hour before schedule time of departure, except C. A. A., which closes 10 minutes earlier than one-half hour.

NIGHT MAILS.

C. C. C. & I., South of Delaware	8:30 p. m.
Columbus	8:30 p. m.
C. C. C. & I., South of Galion	2:25 a. m.
Chicago	11:00 p. m.

☞ Night mails close at 5:30 and 9 p. m., city time.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that on the first day of May, A. D., 1889, there was presented to the Council of the Village of Marion, County of Marion, State of Ohio, a petition for an ordinance granting the right to construct a street railway on certain streets in the village of Marion, Ohio, commencing at a point at the west end of Center street at the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo railway grounds, thence along the said street to Madison avenue, near the Normal school, and at a point on the south corporation line on Delaware avenue, thence along Delaware avenue to a point where the same intersects Main street, thence along Main street to a point where the same intersects Fairview street, thence along Fairview street to a point where the same intersects East street, thence along East street to a street running east and west along the north corporation line, the nearest along the said street on the north corporation line to a point just opposite of where the Pendleton on the Fair Grounds turn stands, and there terminate.

Dated this first day of May, A. D., 1889.

D. M. AULT,
Village Clerk.

8w d]

NOTICE.

SEALED BIDS will be received at the Auditor's office, Marion, Ohio, May 14, 1889, until 12 o'clock, for the building of a brick cistern at the Marion county Infirmary farm.

SPECIFICATIONS

Cistern must be built in workmanlike manner, bottom, wall and arch must be composed of brick 8 inches thick, and the best of Portland cement must be used in the construction of said cistern, a brick wall four inches thick must be built through center of cistern from bottom to top of arch, said arch to be 2 feet under ground, cistern to be 12 feet deep and 12 feet in diameter inside of walls. Said cistern to be completed before the 15th day of June, 1889, and a good and sufficient bond will be required.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

W. L. CLARK, Auditor,
Marion Co., O.

May 6th, 1889.

H. J. SCHOLL

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

Wholesale Dealer

—IN—

Choice Cigars

Everybody smokes his make of cigars.

MEN ONLY, Cure for nervousness, lost manhood, lack of manly vigor, development, only Science Adv. Book Free. Erie Med. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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DINING HALL!

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REGULAR MEALS

(THE BEST IN THE CITY)

—FOR—

25 CTS.

Special Dishes Served to Order.

Oysters at All Times.

LUNCH STAND IN CONNECTION.

TICKETS (20 MEALS), $3.50.

My old patrons and all new ones are invited to call.

JOHN CULL,
2d Door East of Court House

H. M. AULT,

FIRE

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AGENCY!

OFFICE: Bunnell's Block, First stairway east of P. O.

LOOSE'S EXTRACT

CLOVER BLOSSOM

THE GREAT Blood Purifier.

PURE AND EFFICACIOUS.

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IT CURES

Cancers, Humors, Sores, Ulcers, Swellings, Tumors, Abscesses, Blood Poisoning, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, and all Blood and Skin Diseases.

Price, $1 per Pint Bottle or 6 Bottles for $5. If L. can Solid Extract $2.50.

J. M. LOOSE RUBY CLOVER CO.,
Detroit, Mich.

For sale by W. B. Foye.

GARMENTS guaranteed TO FIT PERFECT in fitting.

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by return mail, full descriptive circulars of HOOPER'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address

HOOPER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

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Hands uninjured.

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Dishes washed clean.

THE GREAT WASHING POWDER.

BELL'S BUFFALO SOAP BEST SOAP —MADE—

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

It Makes You Hungry

...Spring medicine means more now-a-days than it did ten years ago. The winter of 1888-89 has left the nerves *all fagged out.* The nerves must be strengthened, the blood purified, liver and bowels regulated. Paine's Celery Compound—*the Spring medicine of to-day*—does all this, as nothing else can. *Prescribed by Physicians, Recommended by Druggists, Endorsed by Ministers, Guaranteed by the Manufacturers to be*

Paine's Celery Compound

is a unique ... Pleasant to the ... without any injurious ... which ... dyspepsia ... prescribe it. ... Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. B. A. Dow, Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES ... LACTATED FOOD Nourishes babies perfectly. The Physician's favorite.

$1,000 Reward!

FOR EVERY CASE OF

Nasal or Post Nasal Catarrh

—THAT—

DR. LIVINGSTON'S

POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH

FAILS TO CURE.

Every bottle is guaranteed or money refunded when our rules and instructions are carried out in full. The only catarrh medicine of merit, and the only Company that gives you this chance. This is to show the public that we do not come before the people with a worthless nostrum, but one of merit. Do not let your druggist sell you a bottle unless it has our guarantee on same. For sale by all drug trade. **Price, $1.00 Per Bottle.** If your druggist does not have it, send $1, and we will pay express charges.

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MEMORY

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Only Genuine ... of Memory Training. Four Books ... in one reading. Mind ... cures cured. Every child and adult greatly benefitted. Great inducements to Correspondence Classes. Prospectus, with opinions of Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the World-famed Specialist in Mind Diseases, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the great Psychologist, J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*, N. Y., Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hon. W. W. Astor, Judge Gibson, Judah P. Benjamin, and others, sent post free by Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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The greatest of all pocket remedies, for hoarseness, loss of voice, Bronchitis, Asthma, and tickling cough. 25 cents.

FREE $3 Solid Gold Watch Sold for $1 00, until lately. Best $5 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. 40 Other Premiums in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send FREE, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Science & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

FOR MEN ONLY!

A POSITIVE CURE For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind; Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen Weak, Undeveloped Parts. A PERFECT ... almost by return mail. HOME TREATMENT. Benefit in a day. Send for testimonials from 47 States, Territories, and foreign countries. You can write them. Book, full explanation, and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Blood Poison, Diseases of Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, Weaknesses, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood and Results of Errors in Youth are speedily and permanently cured. Consultation and treatment personal or by mail. Address DR. GRINDLE, 171 W. 12th St., New York.

THIS PAPER ... ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising may be done for the least money in ... NEW YORK

LONG LIFE

There is nothing in the world more generally desired than long life, yet the majority of people put off caring for their health—not because they are really careless, but because we live our lives at such a pace we have not time to give the subject sufficient thought until we receive a reminder in the shape of a severe illness.

Then, too, we are constantly bewildered by the various schools of medicine, and the physicians who represent them, and often blunder in our choice of a doctor.

If people only knew that the very best health-keeper, life-preserver, and disease-preventer that has yet been discovered, is simmered down into a concentrated and very palatable form in the shape of New Style Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, they would not hesitate a moment to try it.

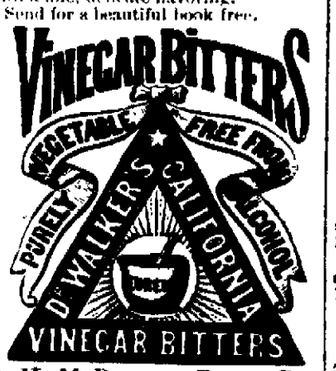
But they do not know. How can they know, when so many not only worthless, but positively injurious drugs are constantly flooding the market under various names guises, that the New Style Vinegar Bitters is as bad as any of them?

They do not know, of course, unless they have the courage to try the New Style. It straightens out a tangled-up system in a very short while, and those who buy it once buy it always.

Why don't you try it, reader? It is sent out by a responsible house, and is exactly as represented. It costs but a dollar for a very large bottle. Try it once and you will never be so glad of anything in your life. Your druggist may not have it, but he will order it for you. Be sure it says New Style Pleasant Taste on carton and bottle before you take it. Try it, and you will feel happier than if you had found a gold mine, for it really is a mine of health.

Free from alcohol and opium; composed of expensive herbs and roots, with a fine, delicate flavoring.

Send for a beautiful book free.



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A PASTE IN TIN BOX. IT SAVES THE WORK

Get Sample Paste from your Local Dealer.

TRUTH IN DEATH.

But He Regretted It, and Added a Falsehood at Last.

We had a man named Burrows in our mining camp, and he was without doubt the most notorious liar Nevada will ever shelter. His fame as a liar spread for a hundred miles around, and men used to stop at our camp to get a look at him. He wasn't a wicked man, and he had no malice about him, but he was a natural born liar. He lied about his father, his mother, his wife, brothers, sisters, and everybody else, and for every hour in the day he had a new falsehood. He had a claim of his own and was fairly industrious, and so we had no excuse to drive him out, although his lies were continually kicking up ill feeling among the men. One day a lot of earth and rock caved in on him and inflicted fatal injuries, and a number of us knocked off work to be with him in his last moments. You would have thought the shadow of death would have brought a change of sentiment, but it did not. Lying there with only an hour of life left to him, he told us that he had been a pirate on the Pacific and where he had buried a large amount of plunder. We all knew that he was from Ohio and had never seen any ocean; but he stuck to it. One of the men finally felt it his duty to say:

"Burrows, you have only a short time to live. You had best spend that in preparing for eternity."

"I've allus been good," he quietly replied.

"Yes, but you are an awful liar, you know."

"Yes, I suppose so. I've told a million of them, haven't I?"

"No doubt of it."

"And every one has been laid up agin me?"

"Very likely."

"And my chance is rather slim?"

"Rather."

"Well, boys, it's my way, and I can't change at this late day. Just as that cave-in came I struck a nugget as big as my head. It would value up a clean $15,000. If you'll be kind enough to pull it out and sell it and send the cash to my wife, I'll die feeling better."

He went off soon after that, and we said to each other that he had given us the greatest yarn of all. No one took his claim, which was accounted a poor one, and it lay for three months before one of the boys dug into it one day for the pickax buried and forgotten. He hadn't got the pick when he came across a lump of gold which balanced $15,280 in coin, and every shilling of the money was sent on to the widow as directed. It got there to find there was no widow, but six months later went to a sister. In his dying hour Burrows told the truth about his find, but alas! he repented of it, and lied about having a wife.—New York Sun.

Loaded for "Bar."

Bold Huntsman—I'm loaded for "bar" this time, I am.

Mother Bear—Shake him, Fanny, she'll do for you to learn on.—Life.

Unkind.

"Why, yesterday evening I was calling on her, and during the evening I remarked that if she wished I would tell her of a little incident, adding that it had just crossed my mind."

"What did she say?"

"She merely looked at me and remarked: 'Did it have far to travel, Mr. De Jay?'"

"That was unkind. Did you make any reply?"

"No, but I looked real grieved."—Merchant Traveler.

A Wise Man.

"That is a very wise fellow," remarked the railway ticket agent.

"Which fellow?" asked a bystander.

"The man who just took passage for Oklahoma."

"And why is he so much wiser than his fellows?"

"He bought a round trip ticket," explained the agent.—Chicago Globe.

Rather Ambiguous.

Harry—Had a great time last night, old man! Took a girl out to ride with the new mare, you know, and my arms are lame today from trying to hold her in!

Will—The girl?

Harry—No; the mare.—Boston Herald.

Well Qualified.

Would-be Orator—Do you th-th-think I c-could ever make a pu-pu-public speaker? I sta-a-a-a-mmer, you see.

Professor of Elocution—Why, certainly, sir. You'd make an excellent auctioneer.—Harper's Bazar.

A Fat Thing.

Mrs. Ward.—Where is your husband working now?

Mrs. Precinct—He ain't working. He has got an office in the city government.—Boston Courier.

Russian Fashion Note.

The czar has returned to St. Petersburg and changed his winter suit of boiler iron for a light spring suit of cast steel.—Washington Post.

How She Accepted Him.

In a tea gown rare, all trimmed with lace,
And tinted, like her shell fair face,
With dainty pink, she poured my tea,
And smiled, with dimpling cheeks, at me,
Until I felt, though tea I loathe,
That if my plain life she would clothe
With her sweet tea gown self, I'd drink
Of tea, and eat of toast, and think
That food and drink for gods, to these
Compared, were naught but dust and lees.

But when I said: "Will pour for me
My tea through all our years to be?"
She made a face, though smiling still,
"Pray, make it coffee, and I will."

—Detroit Free Press.

THE HOT WATER CURE.

A VERY SIMPLE AND AGREEABLE REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Harmonizing Conflicting Opinions on the Subject — How and When Hot Water Should Be Used—"The Hair of the Dog Is Good for the Bite."

A "constant reader" writes that he is in a fog as to the effects of hot water in the treatment of dyspepsia. He has seen it advocated in these columns and condemned by an esteemed contemporary, who maintains that hot water brings on the disease for which it was recommended. He now writes to know which statement is correct. Hot water, hot tea or coffee, in fact, hot food, whether liquid or solid, if used persistently, will in time irritate the stomach and so impair its power to digest. Practically, it will bring on dyspepsia.

NOT ALWAYS DYSPEPSIA.

Now as to the efficacy of hot water in the treatment of that disease. As a remedy it doubtless appears of the "hair of the dog" sort. It must be remembered that there is a decided difference between a healthy stomach and one in disease. In health, nothing ought to be habitually put into that organ which is much more than "blood warm." But in disease the condition of things is very different. What is known as dyspepsia springs from variable conditions, too many, in fact, to discuss here. But in nearly all of them the stomach is less active than it ought to be, or it works to a disadvantage, and needs a spur or corrective.

Hot water acts in several ways. When taken into the stomach it not only stimulates it and quickens its action, but it tends—as do all hot applications—to allay irritation. Beside that, it acts mechanically, and washes out that organ, hurrying its contents down into the intestine, when without it the same would be retained longer than there is any need of. Let a person who four or five hours after a hearty meal still feels uncomfortable sip a cup of very hot water, and it will bring him great relief, stimulating the stomach and washing out of it much of its contents which would have been sent on into the intestines had not that organ been fatigued by overwork.

Now, in what passes under the head of dyspepsia there is often a catarrhal trouble of the stomach, and the same sort of affection, also, frequently exists in the intestine. The lining is more or less irritated, and, in consequence of it, not only is the secretion of mucus greater than in health, but the same is changed in character, is thicker, more adhesive, etc. While the stomach is empty this mucus pours out of its walls and glues them over, as it were. With such a deposit upon them, let food be taken into it and soon the same is coated with mucus, and so rendered less susceptible to the digestive fluids. Not only that, but the mucus in question, while on the walls, keeps back to a certain extent the gastric juice, and prevents its free entrance into the stomach. For such a condition of things as this hot water is the simplest, most grateful and effective remedy known.

A PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.

But by hot water is not, by any means, meant water "scalding hot." Water too hot may injure the lining of the stomach and cause other ill effects. Hot water to be taken internally as a medicine should be at a temperature of from 110 to 120 degs., or about as hot as the coffee one indulges in after dinner. It should be taken before meals—from one-half to an hour and a half—and be slowly sipped. If one is even fifteen or twenty minutes in drinking a glassful all the better. There are some precautions to be used in taking hot water.

A person who is liable to hemorrhages should only take it "blood warm." One with heart trouble—who has a weak heart—must sip it more slowly than others need to do, occupying the longest time advised. While this remedy is one of the simplest and most effective in suitable cases, it must not be forgotten that its indiscriminate use is strongly discouraged. Before applying it habitually, the safe way is to consult a physician, as in some instances where it would seem advisable to take it, it might be contra-indicated. To settle this question regarding the value of hot water and the possible dangers of using it, the following testimony of a physician is offered:

"We often hear it said that the free and prolonged use of hot water tends to injure the system. Some say that it is weakening, that it weakens the nerves of the stomach, that it causes anæmia of the stomach, that it interferes with digestion, that it tends to produce a flushed face and cerebral hyperæmia, that it debilitates the alimentary tract, and that it causes a host more of most direful evils. As a rule, all these objections are theoretical, and come from those who never used it intelligently and systematically, and hence are ignorant of the facts. In reply to such objections, all I can say is that I have used hot water daily for six years without the slightest perceptible injury, and have seen only uniformly good results in persons for whom I have prescribed its daily and long continued use."—Boston Herald.

Stormy Parts of the Ocean.

The most violent hurricanes originate in the tropical latitudes; in the Atlantic ocean, to the north or east of the West Indian Islands; and in the Pacific, in the China seas, and the neighborhood of the Philippine Islands. As the West Indian cyclones follow the course of the gulf stream, so the typhoons of the Pacific follow the course of the great oceanic current which passes round the East Indian archipelago, the shores of China and the Japanese Islands. A more continuously rough and stormy part of the ocean does not, perhaps, exist than that in the neighborhood of the Shetland Isles at the north of Scotland, where the German and Atlantic oceans meet, and where the currents are both rapid and dangerous. The most variable weather is, however, experienced off Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.—New York Telegram.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

How the Tallest Artificial Structure on the Earth Looks.

The monstrous tower designed by Engineer Eiffel for the Paris exposition has three stories or divisions. The first story is sixty meters high (a meter is equal to thirty-nine inches) and rests on the arches which join the four foundation columns that carry upon them the entire weight of the huge tower.

The tower has four distinct sections. Each wing is provided with a refreshment saloon that may be reached by means of winding staircases under the foundation piers. Notwithstanding the center of the space has been set apart for the elevator, there still remain 4,200 square meters of floor room for the accommodation of visitors who may desire to promenade and enjoy a view of the city from that height.

The apartments are very roomy, and precautions have been taken to insure the visitors against all possibility of accident.

An iron railing, about four feet high, with an arched roof to exclude the intense rays of the sun, surrounds the extreme edge of the platform, as it may be called, which has been reserved as a promenade for those who desire to walk about. The requirements for the comfort of the inner man, too, have not been forgotten. Kitchens, storerooms, ice chests and the like have been fitted up in the most handy manner imaginable. Each one of the four cafes is provided with a cellar capable of storing 200 tuns of wine.

Everything about the structure is absolutely fireproof, for iron is the only material that has been used in its construction. Two thousand persons per hour can ascend and descend the staircases leading to the platform, and 4,000 can find seats to rest upon in the cafes at one time.

The second story, which is sixty meters above the first one, is also reached by four staircases built inside of the supporting columns which make a sharp inward curve, leaving but 1,400 square meters of surface for the platform and promenade. Here, too, in the commodious and handsomely decorated cafe the thirsty and tired sightseer may find something more potent than Seine water to recuperate his strength.

This story is ninety-one meters above the tip of the Notre Dame steeple, and higher than the tower of the palace of the Trocadero, on the other side of the river, and, as may easily be imagined, the view of the surrounding country to be had from such an altitude is almost indescribable. From here on the columns of the tower fall in toward each other until they ascend a distance of 275 meters above the ground, where the third and last story is situated.

Only one staircase leads to the third story, which is for the exclusive use of the persons employed in the tower, and all visitors are expected to use the elevators, two in number, to reach that point. The platform is eighteen meters square, still large enough to erect thereon a comfortably sized dwelling. The view here is simply superb. The story is equipped with reflecting mirrors and a large supply of field glasses for those who wish to use them. It has been estimated that the ordinary eye can discern objects seventy miles away.

The tower terminates in what is known as the lantern, twenty-five meters above the third section, but this place has been set aside for the use of the scientists for making observations.—Vossische Zeitung.

What a Boy Did.

A few days ago a horse attached to an express wagon went racing past the Grand Pacific. The animal had evidently been feeding and became frightened, for he had no bit in his mouth and his bridle hung on his neck. As the runaway rushed furiously across Clark street and west on Jackson a young lad jumped forward, caught the tailboard of the wagon and climbed in. He had no sooner got there than the vehicle struck a cab and careened sufficiently to throw the boy out. He picked himself up quickly and climbed back once more into the wagon. While the horse was still running at full speed the boy ventured out on to the shafts, reached the horse's head and managed to stop the animal just before Fifth avenue was reached. Two policemen stood on the corner of Jackson and Clark and saw the horse rush by, but made only slight efforts to check him. For all this one of the bold bluecoats said to the other: "That was a brave attempt you made to stop that horse, Jim; your life was in danger every minute." "That's true, Dan, that's true; and I never would have had the courage to do what I did had I not seen the bravery you showed first. It was your example that gave me the grit." And the guardians of the public put their clubs besides their noses and smiled knowingly at each other.—Chicago Herald.

Another Egg Experiment.

Make a very small hole in each end of a fresh egg, and, after blowing out the contents, close one end with a bit of sealing wax. Cut two pieces of cloth in the shape of the body of a fish, and sew them together on the edges, so as to make a pointed bag. Put some sand into this for ballast. The mouth of the bag must be exactly the size of the egg, which is to be fastened into it with sealing wax or glue, to form the head of the fish. Having prepared it in this way, paint two eyes on the egg with black paint, and the magic fish is ready to be put into a jar of water. The weight of the sand in the bag must be such that the fish will float on the surface if left to itself, but so that a very light touch will cause it to sink. Cover the jar tightly with a piece of india rubber, or any other water proof flexible substance. When a hand is laid on the covering the pressure transmitted to the liquid will cause a little water to enter the egg, and the fish will dive; the heavier the pressure the more quickly it will plunge. Remove the pressure from the india rubber and the compressed air in the egg will force it out of the water and the fish will come to the surface again.—Christian Union.

Different Views.

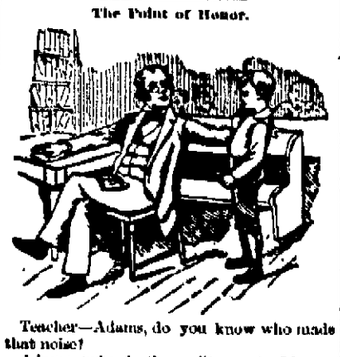
Jones—So you are from Salt Lake City, Mr. Brigham! Could you tell me what became of young Jags that moved out there awhile ago?

Mr. B.—Why, that young feller was lynched only just afore I left for bigamy.

"Bigamy! I don't understand, I thought"—

"Waal, ye see, he wudn't take mor'n two wives, so the avengin' angels nabbed 'im! Nice young chap, too!"—Columbia Spectator

The Point of Honor.



Teacher—Adams, do you know who made that noise?

Adams (who is the guilty one)—I know, but I do not like to tell.

Teacher—You are a gentleman, sir.—Life.

Anecdotes of Children.

A 4-year-old Grand Rapids boy fell from the fence and broke his arm. His mother was very much affected at the thought of the pain the little fellow must suffer when the fracture was reduced. George noticed this. "Never mind, mamma," he said, bravely, looking at his arm, "I guess it's only bent."

Sunday School Teacher to Tommy—God made Adam out of dust. Do you know what he made Eve of? "Yes'm; ribs."

Little Charlie, whose grandfather is a Baptist minister, took dinner at the parsonage the other day. He lived at a hotel, and before his venerable grandparent began the blessing, Charlie had begun eating voraciously. "Don't mind me, grandpa," he observed between mouthfuls, when the latter remonstrated; "go right on with your blessing."

Jimmie, aged four, asked his mamma who that woman was speaking in prayer meeting. "Mrs. Daniels," was the reply. "Is she a sister of Daniel what was put in the lion's den?"

George bit little Celia's finger while they were playing. On being scolded for it he said, by way of explanation: "Really, mamma, I didn't know where my mouth was going."

Little Annie saw a bit of turquois in her cousin Lidie's ring. "Why," she observed, "you've a piece of sky in your ring, haven't you?"—Detroit Tribune.

Baseball Phrases.

The trouble on the baseball diamonds of this great republic has begun in earnest, and the baseball reporter is once more in his glory. He is as picturesque as ever, and brimful of enthusiasm. Behold a few samples of his work, culled from the Sunday newspapers:

"The ball went up shrieking."

"A sound like the snapping of a mainmast told that Carroll had made another three base hit."

"The ball tore over the field, churning the air into sparks, it seemed, and droning like a circular saw."

"Hanlon slapped his bat on the neck of a ball."

It is evident that the boys are in good form, and if they do not succeed in making their stories of the ball field sufficiently startling to jar the attention of the captious public, it will be the fault of the English language, and not theirs.—Chicago News.

A Revised Fable.

One of Socrates' pupils one day stood up to read his essay and began, "A poor man who derived a precarious subsistence from the sales of a patent medicine which he manufactured"—when the philosopher smote him across the jowl with a lath slat, exclaiming: "Measureless liar! wilt thou make all Athens think I am conducting a school of journalism?" The pupil wept, as under the rules of the academy he was entitled to do, for the space of a brief while, and then arose to read his amended composition: "A wealthy beggar, who was pastor of a rich and fashionable church, with Yale locks on the pews and pass keys for the outer door"— "That," said the philosopher, "sounds something like a composition. Now fix yourself up and show the class how you strike a cotton seed oil man for a chance of bulls and a new baptistry."—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

He Made a Mistake.

A small, light mahogany colored youth that goes by the name of Pea Blossom was brought before a Texas justice of the peace charged with stealing a pair of shoes from Moss Schaumburg's store.

"Don't you know it was not right to take those shoes?" asked the justice.

"Yes, sah; I knows I didn't take de right shoes. My mudder done tole me dey wasn't de right shoes as soon as I fotched 'em home. De high priced ladies' shoes on de shelf was de right ones, but I couldn't reach 'em, sah."—Texas Siftings.

A Gentle Hint.

He was on the point of proposing, but thought better of it for the moment and continued the conversation because of an organ grinder outside. When the music stopped he said: "So you've never been in Europe, Miss Clara?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "I never expect to see Europe until my wedding trip." Then he continued to continue the conversation.—Harper's.

Crazy as a Loon.

"It is too bad about Batter, isn't it?"

"What's the matter with him?"

"Haven't you heard? He's been taken to an asylum."

"No!"

"Yes. Crazy over baseball. He's been betting that the Chicagos would win the championship."—Chicago Herald.

A Free Trip.

Citizen (to railroad superintendent)—Can you give me a free trip over your road to Philadelphia?

Superintendent (with great cordiality)—Certainly, my dear sir, certainly; but I must caution you to look out for trains.—Life.

Evidence of Smartness.

Louise—Does your father approve of your engagement?

Lily—Oh, yes; papa thinks George real smart. In fact, he pinched papa in a wheat deal last week.—Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

Taking Time by the Forelock.

Muttonhelde—Come round next Saturday and dine, unless it should rain.

Smith—But suppose it should rain?

Muttonhelde—Well, then, come the day before.—Truth.

CHICAGO & ATLANTIC

RAILWAY

With its Pullman Built Equipment, Substantially Constructed Roadway and Low Rates of Fare, Insures a Safe, Speedy and Economical Journey to All Points East and West. Write to your nearest railway agent for the

Attractive Low Rates

Via this line.

TIME TABLE, Taking Effect Dec. 2, 1888.

EASTWARD.

	No. 8.	No. 10.	No. 12.	
Lv. Chicago	2.25‡	8.40‡	8.10‡	5.05‡
" Archer Avenue	2.35	8.55	8.20	5.45
" Englewood	2.55	9.15	8.40	6.05
" Hammond	3.25	9.45	9.15	6.40
" Crown Point	.....	10 19	9.42	7.35
" Kouts	.....	11.01	.....	8.22
" North Judson	.....	11.31	*10.55	9.00
" Rochester	5 40	12.35‡	11.56	
" Akron	.....	1.01	*12.16‡	
" Newton	6.10	1.25	12.37	No. 16
" Bolivar	.....	1.28	.....	
" Huntington	6.55	2.25	1.15	6.00‡
" Kingsland	.....	3.05	.....	* 6.56
" Decatur	7.15	3.32	1.42	7.35
" Enterprise	.....	4.10	2.40	8.30
" Spencerville	.....	4 44	3.05	9.10
" Lima	8.55	5 12	3.28	9.45
" Preston	.....	5 45	.....	*10.30
" Kenton	9.43	6.16	4.15	10 55
Ar. Marion	10 30	7 15	5.00	12.01‡
" New York	11.07	.....	7.57	
" Boston	6.47‡	.....	12.40‡	

WESTWARD.

	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.	No. 17.
Lv. Marion	8.05‡	11 20‡	8.15‡	3.30‡
" Kenton	8 50	12.10‡	3.55	4.45
" Preston	9.17	.....	.....	* 5.25
" Lima	9.45	1 05	4.38	6.15
" Spencerville	10 14	.....	.....	6.55
" Enterprise	10.45	1.50	5.21	7 40
" Decatur	11.26	2.27	6.03	8.40
" Kingsland	11.58	.....	.....	9.26
" Huntington	1.00‡	3.25	6.50	10.30
" Bolivar	1.42	.....	.....	
" Newton	1 45	4 08	7.22	
" Akron	2.14	.....	8 00	No. 15
" Rochester	2.38	4.45	.....	
" North Judson	3 51	.....	.....	6 00‡
" Kouts	4.25	.....	.....	7.22
" Crown Point	5 16	.....	.....	8.12
" Hammond	6 05	7 25	10 25	8.50
" Englewood	6.39	7.55	10.55	9.20
" Archer Avenue	7.00	8.15	11.15	9.40
Ar. Chicago	7 10	8.25	11.25	9.50
Lv. New York	.....	8.30‡	5.00	
" Boston	.....	8 00	8 30‡	

Nos. 8, 1, 10, 3, 5 and 15 daily. Where time is not shown trains do not stop. Nos. 17 and 18 daily except Sunday. * stop on signal. ‡ p.m. a.m.

F. C. DONALD, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Chicago.
T. W. BURROWS, Superintendent, Chicago.

Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo R'y

TIME CARD.

Taking Effect Nov. 25th, 1888

(Central Time.)

NORTH BOUND.

River Division.	No. 3, daily except Sunday.	No. 7, mixed, daily except Sun
Leave Pomeroy	3.30 p m	5 00 a m
" Gallipolis	4.24 p m	6.45 a m
" McArthur Junct	5.58 p m	9.40 p m
Hocking Valley Division.	No. 1, daily	No. 3, daily
Leave Athens	7.00 a m	6.05 p m
" Logan	8.15 a m	7.20 p m
" Lancaster	8.58 a m	8.03 p m
Arrive Columbus	10.45 a m	9.25 p m
Toledo Division.	No. 1, daily	No. 3, daily
Leave Columbus	4.00 p m	7.00 a m
" Delaware	4.55 p m	7.58 a m
" Prospect	5.20 p m	8.17 a m
" MARION	6.41 p m	8.37 a m
" Upper Sandusky	6.35 p m	9.15 a m
" Carey	6.55 p m	9.35 a m
" Fostoria	7.25 p m	10.05 a m
Arrive Toledo	8.40 p m	11.25 a m

SOUTH BOUND.

Toledo Division.	No. 2, daily	No. 4, daily
Leave Toledo	7.00 a m	5.30 p m
" Fostoria	8.23 a m	6.53 p m
" Carey	8.55 a m	7.24 p m
" Upper Sandusky	9.15 a m	8.00 p m
" MARION	9.53 a m	8.40 p m
" Prospect	10.13 a m	9.00 p m
" Delaware	10.37 a m	9.24 p m
Arrived Columbus	11.30 a m	10.20 p m
Hocking Valley Division.	No. 4, daily	No. 2, daily
Leave Columbus	8.00 a m	4.00 p m
" Lancaster	9.18 a m	5.22 p m
" Logan	10.08 a m	6.20 p m
Arrive Athens	11.15 a m	7.30 p m

River Division.	No. 4, daily except Sunday.	No. 10, mixed, daily except Sun
Leave McArthur Junct	12.05 p m	8.30 a m
" Gallipolis	1 41 p m	11.41 p m
Arrive Pomeroy	2.32 p m	1.15 a m

NOTE ON RUNNING OF TRAINS.

Direct connections made in Union Depot at Columbus for Newark, Zanesville, Pittsburg, Wheeling, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia; also for Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville and all points South and Southwest.

Close connections at Toledo for Detroit and all points in Michigan and Canada.

H. J. FALKENBACH,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
Columbus, Ohio

C. R. CARR, General Supt.

FAST TRAINS OVER THE

ERIE

—FOR—

Buffalo, New York, Boston, Saratoga, Albany and Other Eastern Cities.

The Only Road Running Solid Train to New York.

3 THROUGH TRAINS. 3

—WITH—

Pullman Palace Sleeping Coaches. Pullman Buffet Sleeping Coaches, Pullman Hotel Coaches, Parlor Cars and Elegant Day Coaches.

TIME TABLE ADOPTED Dec. 2, 1888.

Central Time, 28 minutes slower than Columbus Time

Trains depart from Marion, O., as follows

WESTWARD. DEPART

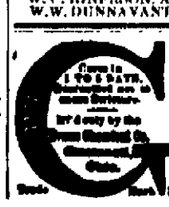
No. 7, daily except Sunday	10 50 a.m.
No. 5, daily	2.35 p.m.
No. 37, Way, daily except Sunday	9.20 a.m.
No. 3, daily	11 05 p.m.

EASTWARD. DEPART.

No. 12, daily	5.20 a.m.
No. 6, daily except Sunday	12.05 p.m.
No. 34, daily except Sunday	2.55 p.m.
No. 8, daily	10.45 p.m.

Pullman Palace Coaches on all through trains.

C. B. THOMAN, Second Vice President.
L. P. FARMER, G. P. A., New York City.
W. C. HIMPSON, A. G. P. A., Cleveland.
W. W. DUNNAVANT, Div. Pas. Ag't, Warren, O.



I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. M. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists. $1.00.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

A NICE LINE OF

GILT WALL PAPER!

—FOR—

10 CENTS A ROLL

—AT—

WIANT'S.

O. W. JOHNSTON & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

AND BROKERS.

OFFICE OVER MARION CO. BANK.

FOR SALE—House and lot on north Main street; good well, cistern and barn; cheap for $2000.

FOR SALE—Elegant home on east Center street; price $3000.

FOR RENT—House with 8 rooms on west side of north East street, $15 per month. Will rent to small family.

FOR RENT—By May 15th we will have two new houses, containing six rooms, nicely fitted up; grates in sitting room, and everything in elegant shape; on Charles street, off Center; rent $10 per month.

FOR RENT—Desk room on ground floor, east Center street.

FOR SALE—Finest building location in the city.

☞If you want any information call on

O. W. JOHNSTON & CO.,

FOR RENT.—Choice office rooms in Masonic block, formerly Elk club rooms. Inquire of J. J. Hane. [1214

FOR RENT.—House of seven rooms, well, cistern and all convenience, now occupied by W. H. Smith. Further particulars inquire of Mrs. E. S. Bull, south East street.

FOR RENT.—The front room over the English Kitchen, furnished, will be rented to two gentlemen for sleeping purposes. Inquire at the Kitchen.

FOR RENT.—House of 5 rooms, central location. Possession given at once. 1526 J. G. LUTTLE, The Grocer.

FOR RENT.—Three rooms in Gregory block for light house keeping. Inquire of B. Hall, at English Kitchen. 1556

FOR SALE.—A two keg beer cooler at English Kitchen. 1551

WANTED.—Girl to do general house work. White Rock Box 62.

STAR OFFICE TELEPHONE NUMBER 51.

—Buy your bread at Rupp's.

—F. A. Cooper Sundayed in the Capital city.

—Strawberries every day at Colly & Stone's.

—S. G. Smith, of Caledonia, was in the city today.

—Sheriff Kelly was at Columbus today on business.

—A large invoice of new hats just received at Mrs. H. Thomas'.

—The dancing club will meet this evening for a few hours' social hop.

—Sid Young and G. H. VanFleet Sundayed as guests of the Palmer House, at Chicago.

—Colly & Stone will have a large supply of nice, fresh strawberries this evening, and cheap, too.

—C. M. McBride, of Bucksville, O., was in the city transacting business with the Huber company today.

—Howe Woodhull, Will Hill, Ed Cromer and Laston Dobbs, of Richwood, Sundayed in this city with friends.

—Burt Fenton has returned from a short visit at Mansfield, and will return shortly to the Cincinnati Law school.

—Miss Adams, of Warren, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. D. F. Edwards, departed today for Omaha, Neb.

—Mrs. B. F. Whipps, who has been the guest of Wm. Fies and family, on south West street, returned to her home in Columbus last Saturday.

—Miss Lura Ayer, of Adelaide, was the guest of relatives in this city over Sunday, and left this morning for Delaware, where she is attending the O. W. U.

—The time has expired for the removal of the water pipes, and the Street and Alley committee will contract tonight for their removal under the orders of the council.

—The two indictments not heretofore reported, as found by the grand jury, are both against John Lill, one for carrying concealed weapons and one for shooting with intent to wound Robert Berry.

—The Huber company now owns all the land from Greenwood street east to John street in the vicinity of the location of the new shops. The properties of Walter Mackin, James McGrath and Jane O'Connel have been purchased.

CHASE & HUNTER

FOR SALE—50 Boulevard Lots at fair prices and good time.

FOR SALE—25 Lots in J. J. Hane's addition, low prices; centrally located; easy terms.

FOR SALE—39 Lots in C. Haberman's new addition to Marion; lots cheap and desirable.

FOR SALE—One of the best lots on S. West street for $900, worth $1100.

FOR SALE—Another of the best and only lot on west South street but what is sold, for $600.

FOR SALE—7 lots in Carr's proposed addition; price $1.75 to $2.50.

FOR SALE—9 splendid lots in Bauer's proposed addition on east Center street or the whole tract for $2000.

TO LOAN—$800 to $1000.

"NO FLIES ON US,"

"Because we are supplied with screen doors and adjustable window screens, by C. B. Kling & Co."

We have numerous sizes of both door and window screens in stock, and also make them to order promptly, and cheaper than anybody. Keep the flies and mosquitoes out.

C. B. KLING & CO.

—Come to Mrs. H. Thomas' for cheap millinery.

—W. J. Campbell, of LaRue, was in the city today.

—Two plain drunks attracted the attention of the Police court this morning.

—Bauer's grocery is headquarters for choice bananas in any quantity. [1164f

—The Huber company has contracted with John Medlam for 2,000,000 bricks for the new shops.

—D. S. Jones has returned from a successful business trip to Indiana in the interests of the Huber company.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Pickering, at their home on Silver street, Wednesday morning of last week.

—The corrected time card of the C., H. V. and T. will appear tomorrow. There are now three passenger trains each way daily.

—The wonderful performing and trick ponies, ten in number, the trained donkeys and educated dogs are coming. Music Hall, May 14.

—During the storm last Friday night, L. Reber had an eight ton stack of hay struck by lightning and burned. The loss amounted to about $75.

—The funeral of Daniel Linn occurred Sunday at the Free Baptist church, and was largely attended. The deceased was a highly respected man.

—Strawberries are now cheap and of good quality. We receive them daily by express and can fill all orders in large or small quantities. THEW & MANZ.

—A. H. Kling returned home from Hot Springs, Ark., today, after ten weeks' absence. Mrs. Kling stopped at Cincinnati to remain a week, and has been joined there by her daughter.

Prof. William Tail, superintendent of the Greenwich schools, stopped off a few hours in this city Saturday, while on his way home from Richwood, and was the guest of Will Tracy.

—P. J. Berringer was on our streets Saturday, looking happy and treating the boys. It is a boy and was born to Mr. and Mrs. Berringer Friday morning, at their residence a few miles south of town.

—The residence of James Fletcher, a few miles south of town, was struck by lightning during the storm of Friday night of last week and considerable damage was done. It was covered by insurance.

—Although we had a big trade last week our stock of hats, etc., is still complete. For anything in the gents furnishing line, or a suit of clothes made to order, we can save you money. JOHN F. LITTLE.

The absence of telegraphic news from our first page today is explained by a telegram from the American Press association stating that their stereotyping machinery broke just prior to shipping time this morning.

—Misses Mary Stocker, Florence Finch and Minnie Brauns, accompanied by George and Jacob Burkett, of Upper Sandusky, drove to Marion on Sunday and were the guests of Rev. Stull and family for a few hours.

—A very brief session of court was held Saturday and the docket assigned for Wednesday, when it is expected that Judge Ridgley, of Tiffin, will occupy the bench. The condition of Judge Nourse' son, Prosser, is not such as to permit him occupying the bench.

—Chris Hess, foreman of the Malleable Iron foundry, was happily surprised Tuesday night of last week. That date was the fifteenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Hess' marriage, and the employes of the foundry furnished a reminder of the occasion in presenting an elegant China tea set.

—Upper Sandusky Chief Marshal Grundisch went to Marion last Tuesday and arrested M. M. Edwards at the instance of D. O. Young, of the Pierson house, who charged him of jumping a board bill of $31 a year ago. Edwards was brought here and taken before Mayor Jonas on Tuesday evening, and he settled the case by paying the bill and the costs.

Great is superstition. Several of Marion's popular and most beautiful young ladies are now wearing delicate and handsome silk garters, from which dangle pretty little bells whose chimes can only be heard during perfect quietude. The device has not been exhibited to us, but the girls are really wearing them—strong in the faith that they will bring a satisfactory proposal during the year.

—Bucyrus Telegraph: A booming gas and oil well was developed at Dunkirk, in Hardin county, and the citizens of that village are wild with delight. The interesting feature about it is the widening of the field to such an extent that no one can tell its actual limits. Dunkirk is seventeen miles south of Findlay, twelve miles west of Upper Sandusky and twenty-five east of Lima, the recognized centers of the northern Ohio gas and oil fields; and if there, why not here.

BE COMFORTABLE.

If you want to enjoy solid comfort, buy a hammock. All sizes, colors, grades and prices, with spreaders, hooks, etc., at

C. B. KLING & CO.'S.

—All the marketable homegrown vegetables at Colly & Stone's every morning.

—Mrs. Whitmarsh and Miss Wallace visited Mr. and Mrs. Alsop at Galion, Saturday, and attended the Merchants' Carnival at that place.

—The advance guard of the Cleveland tourists returned home Saturday night. Lizzie Lape is here after three months' in the workhouse.

—Jacob F. Forrader has sold 2¾ acres of land on the corner of Windsor street and Bellefontaine avenue, to his mother, Mary Forrader, for the consideration of $2500.

—Among the features of Robinson's show parade at Bellefontaine Tuesday will be a complete Huber threshing outfit, in charge of Mr. Locke, of this city. The Huber will also be represented in the parade at the Fireman's Tournament at Napoleon, Wednesday, where Lon Barlow and George Showen will have charge of the rig.

Working Admirably.

[Akron Beacon.]

General Superintendent Tucker, of the N. Y., P. and O., speaking yesterday of the Erie's withdrawal of Sunday freight trains, April 1st, said: "We find the innovation works admirably. I think about nine-tenths of the trainmen in our employ are benefitted by it, and relieved from Sunday work. The day's rest is not only a benefit to the men and their families, but it helps the railroad also, for the men return to work Monday morning refreshed by necessary rest they have had, and therefore in better condition for the next six days. Another petition which we have recently granted, and which I think is in the right direction, was the granting of a half holiday Saturday afternoon to the men in the shops at Galion, by an increase in the hours during the first five days in the week. They make the same time as before, and now have a half day each week for taking care of their gardens and transacting other outside business without infringing on Sunday."

Dakota's Fertility.

Two western men happened to meet one day, and from stories which they expected people to believe, about the number of bushels of wheat and corn which their land produced to the acre, they gradually passed to some which they doubtless expected their hearers to receive with a grain of allowance.

"I tell you what!" said the man from Dakota, "a Norwegian woman went out raking and binding one summer, and dropped half a dozen darning needles. And what do you think? The next year there was a large crop of knitting needles come up all over that part of the field!"

"Oh, I can believe that," said the man from Washington territory, "but it is nothing to the richness of the land out in our country. Why, a year ago last summer a German woman dropped some darning needles in a field out there, and last summer the field was growing thick with a crop of—guess what."

"Give it up."

"Nice hand knit wooden stockings, all ready to put on."—Youth's Companion.

Trouble Over a Corn Planter.

Peter White and a Mr. Knoblet, a couple of gentlemen residing a few miles east of town, had some difficulty Saturday morning concerning the use of a corn planter. Peter's reason for choking and otherwise maltreating Mr. Knoblet will be heard by 'Squire Payne this evening at 6 o'clock. It appears that the corn planter over which the dispute arose had been borrowed of Knoblet by Peter's employer, and as a change in the gearing of the planter was necessary to suit his employer, Peter made the change, to which Mr. Knoblet objected, and after a few words Peter proceeded to choke and beat him into submission, and as he was much larger and better skilled in the pugilistic art he soon made Knoblet feel it was not good to be there. As soon as he had escaped from Peter's clutches and had his numerous bruises properly treated he came to town and preferred a charge of assault and battery against him.

At Marion, May 15th.

Robinson's big show will be here on Wednesday, May 15. It will not come a day sooner or later, it never divides but always exhibits just the same in small villages as in large towns, it never deceives by false misrepresentation or exaggerated bills, but will exhibit everything pictured and described. It is the biggest show on earth and has more acts, actors, features and novelties than any ten shows on earth. Four monster railroad trains with 4 big engines to transport it, 60 cages and dens, its 31 sun-bright chariots, its 300 horses, its 100 ponies and 480 people. The parade is two solid miles of glittering gold and emerald, and cost $300,000. It takes place each day at 10 a. m.

Turney's New Stand.

Turney is still here and always has been. Silverware has been dropped from the stock and a new line of watches and jewelry is carried on with the repairing business in the old Hardy room, opposite court house, on Center street.

We shall be able to quote you prices, on entirely new and attractive goods, that will interest you. Call and see.

Notice to Trespassers.

The undersigned having rented the pasture field of G. H. King, fronting the Prospect road, south of town, for the current year, will prosecute any person or persons trespassing thereon.

NORMAN SPATELDING.

May 13th, A. D., 1889.

M. R. A.

The Marion Relief association will hold its regular monthly meeting in the Masonic block on Tuesday, May 14th, at 3 o'clock p. m. MRS. J. C. JOHNSTON, Pres.

MRS. J. FRIBLEY, Sec.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Cooler, threatening weater and light rains, with local thunder storms; variable winds.

☞We are showing a full line of those beautiful Hemmed Stitched Swiss Flouncings.

WARNER & EDWARDS.

☞We are receiving daily new things in Dress Goods. All of the Novelties in Trimmings, both in Fancy Silks and Band Trimmings.

WARNER & EDWARDS.

☞Genuine French Balbriggan and Lisle Thread Underwear for gentlemen.

WARNER & EDWARDS.

☞The Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Underwear for Summer is selling rapidly; it starts at 25c.

WARNER & EDWARDS.

☞Children's Gauze Underwear in both long and short sleeves.

WARNER & EDWARDS.

☞Elegant designs in French Challies.

WARNER & EDWARDS.

UNPRECEDENTED SALES!

UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS!

☞Never before in one season have we done such a volume of business in carpets; and what is the reason? Simply this, that the trade soon found that our stock was much the largest, our patterns the choicest and most desirable, and our prices the LOWEST. Another point apparent to all is, that we handle only first-class standard makes.

Our assortment of styles is still very complete. Those elegant, tony designs are not yet closed out.

☞We make and lay carpets with borders, and guarantee the work to be first-class in every respect.

WARNER & EDWARDS.

Warner & Edwards

BOWERS'

BOOT & SHOE HOUSE,

Cor. Main and Center Streets.

Just received, a lot of Men's Fine Shoes, good and cheap; also an elegant line of Ladies' Slippers and Hand Sewed and Turned Shoes. All bargains for cash. No trouble to show goods.

MUSIC HALL

One Night Only,

Tuesday, May 14, '89,

BLACK BROS.'

EQUINE & CANINE

PARADOX.

30 Dogs & Ponies. 30

The most wonderful exhibition of animal intelligence ever witnessed. Look for street parade at 12 o'clock.

Admission reduced to 10 & 20c.

LAWN MOWERS!

If you want to keep your lawns in shape own your own mower. We keep the Philadelphia and Buckeye, the two best mowers made, and they are cheaper than inferior machines.

C. B. KLING & CO.

A Chinese Sepulture.

The burial of Chang Fooh Goey, the deceased Chinaman whose remains were placed in the vault recently, took place at 1:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Rev. Hensley was the officiating minister, assisted by a Chinaman whose name we are unable to learn.

After the regular Christian ceremony had been performed and before the grave had been filled, the Chinaman was granted the privilege of performing their native obsequies, which consisted first of burning a number of coffin shaped papers with a gilt center piece in the open grave, and which was explained as representing the slow decay of man and his going back to dust. The gilt center piece was to represent the inward nature of man. Following this the grave was filled and then came the burning of a number of sticks stuck in the ground at the head of the grave and placed in such a manner that all were pointing to the same center. These sticks burned very slowly, and as they burned to the ground it was explained as representing that all must come to the same common level. Previous to the filling of the grave a number of pieces of money were placed in the coffin, showing the deceased to be of honest principles, as he had brought funds sufficient to pay his way.

The relatives of the deceased in China have never been informed of his death and Geo. Edwards, the laundryman, will start for China next Saturday to inform them. He does not wish to write to them, fearing that the sad intelligence would kill the mother of the deceased. He expects to be gone about seven months on the trip.

The friends of the deceased have asked permission to decorate the grave with emblems of burning paper twice a year, once in March and once in July. After the remains have rested here five years, they will be taken back to China if the mother of the deceased wishes it.

Horses and Ponies Coming.

Black Bros.' famous Hippotheatrean will be at Music Hall on Tuesday night May 14, the most entertaining pony and dog show traveling. Look out for the great parade, Tuesday noon. Prices, children 10 cents, adults 20 cents. No extra charge for reserved seats. Don't miss it.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

REMOVAL OF WATERPIPES.

SEALED proposals will be received at the Mayor's office until 8 o'clock on Monday evening May 13th, 1889, for the removal of the water-pipe now lying on the streets of the Village of Marion, to the D. Kelly lot, corner of Farming and Park streets. Bids must be accompanied by bond in the sum of three hundred dollars, guaranteeing the completion of the work within ten days from the acceptance of the contract.

J. G. FAIRBANKS,
Chairman of Street and Alley Committee.

FOR PURE

SPRING LAKE ICE

ORDER OF THE

MARION ICE COMPANY!

Office at W. J. GRILLS, opposite Postoffice.

☞We guarantee the only genuine Spring Lake Ice, taken from the Hepburn spring lakes of the purest water.

Contracts made for the season or by the cwt. Special contracts for large consumers.

Satisfactory Delivery Daily.

MARION ICE CO.

Keep Cool!

You will find Refrigerators and Ice Cream Freezers at

C. B. KLING & Co.'s

Sheriff's Sales.

At sheriff's sale Saturday the undivided interest of Charles Washburn in some Salt Rock township land was sold to J. C. Johnston for $338, and a lot in Morral to Frank Shultz for $230.

In the case of Schneck & Company vs. Louis Ladberger, a lot in LaRue was sold to C. Gracely for $315.

—Our neighboring town of Urbana is contemplating putting in an electric light plant and is highly elated over such an advancement.

Presents in the most elegant form
THE LAXATIVE AND NUTRITIOUS JUICE
—OF THE—
FIGS OF CALIFORNIA,
Combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, forming an agreeable and effective laxative to permanently cure Habitual Constipation, and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It is the most excellent remedy known to
CLEANSE THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY
When one is Bilious or Constipated
—SO THAT—
PURE BLOOD, REFRESHING SLEEP, HEALTH and STRENGTH
NATURALLY FOLLOW.
Every one is using it and all are delighted with it.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
SYRUP OF FIGS
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY NEW YORK, N. Y.

Tristram & Young,

—DEALERS IN—

BOOTS & SHOES,

Main Street, opposite C. H., Marion, O.

H. SCHAFFNER IS OFFERING A CHOICE

LINE OF NOVELTIES IN FURNITURE!

Including Fancy ROCKERS, DIVANS, SECRETARIES, TABLES, etc., besides his large line os General Furniture, at prices that are sure to please.

UNDERTAKING Promptly and Carefully attended to.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

Williams & Leffler,

—THE LEADING—

MERCHANT TAILORS,

ARE NOW SHOWING THEIR

Spring & Summer Goods.

A PERFECT FIT AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

PRICES REASONABLE!

HYGIENIC!

POULTRY FOOD

—AT—

Williams & Gurley's

Flour and Feed Store, 3 Doors North Jail.

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NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT

THIS OFFICE.

H. B. HANE,

AGENT FOR

BICYCLES

—AND—

TRICYCLES

OF ALL MAKES.

PRICES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Repairs ordered and promptly secured

INQUIRE AT FARMERS' BANK.

Miller & Brigle's

Livery Barn!

—THE—

Finest in Marion,

Back of Kelly's Grocery,

TELEPHONE 15.

New Horses

—AND—

New Rigs.

Horses hitched to Phaetons and Surreys perfectly safe for Ladies' Driving.

We make a specialty of Hacks and Carriages for Funerals.

GIVE US A CALL.

MILLER & BRIGLE.

NEW - SHOE - STORE!

Berndt & Bender

Have opened out a new stock of

BOOTS and SHOES

in the True Building, East Center street, and solicit a share of your patronage. All New Goods and Prices Low.

CUSTOM MADE WORK

A specialty, and repairing of all kinds on short notice.

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